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THE CONGREGATIONALIST AND CHRISTIAN WORLD

A Morning Prayer

DEAR Father, hear us while we pray,
That through the hours of this one day
Our humble dwelling-place may be
Fast closed to all despondency.

Let sunshine find an entrance here,
To fill our hearts with wholesome cheer,
And grant us courage to express
A large, unflinching hopefulness.

Strengthen our hands, and help us find
The fountains that refresh the mind,
And may the faith by which we live
Have fragrance such as roses give.

Help us, dear God, this day, and make
New music in our souls awake—
Communicable songs that show
The glad companionship we know.

Written for The Congregationalist by
STEPHEN TRACY LIVINGSTON

Volume XCI 28 July 1906 Number 30

The Spirit in the Dayton Council

Rev. J. H. Chandler of Fond du Lac, Wis., a frequent contributor to *The Congregationalist*, was a delegate to the council at Dayton, O., Feb. 7, to consider the union of United Brethren, Methodist Protestants and Congregationalists. From an article written by him published in *Our Church Life* we take the following paragraph:

I confess that I went to Dayton in doubt and perplexity. I was not convinced that organic union was possible or even desirable. The conversation that I had with fellow-churchmen on the train and the deliberation of the Congregationalists in their first meeting by themselves, increased my perplexities and added to my doubts. Our own representatives had no unity of purpose or plan when the meetings began. When the sessions ended they were practically "of one heart and one mind." I have but one explanation to offer—*the leadership of the Holy Spirit.* Men who were not there complain of "haste and excitement." On the day of Pentecost some charged the disciples with intoxication They simply did not understand. It is hard for those not at Dayton to understand. But so long as I live when I say, "I believe in the Holy Ghost, the communion of saints," I shall think of Dayton. The agreements reached in that council became possible because the assembly was moved upon by a higher power. These writings came not by the will of man, but separate human wills were brought in accord by the power of the Spirit.

Let me say with deepest reverence concerning the results of that council (in the words of St. Luke concerning the first general council in the Church), "It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us to lay upon you no greater burden than these necessary things."

[Publishers' Department.]

The FARMER and the TELEPHONE

A STORY

After all, perhaps, it is in the social life of the farmer and his family that the telephone has accomplished the most. On the rural lines of the New England company in several places there are telephone clubs. At an hour agreed upon, when they have finished their household duties, the women get together on the wire and "talk things over." On stormy nights, when the roads are drifted and neither man nor beast would venture out, the wires are still free, and some one with a phonograph will call up the neighbors and invite them to listen to a concert; in one place, at least, a whole musicale has been given by telephone, one performer playing the piano, another the violin, another singing or even giving a recitation.

The sewing circle calls its meetings through "Central." When Mrs. Black has to go away or Mrs. Brown has company coming, the session can be moved to Mrs. Green's house, or Mrs. White's, if more convenient, without having every one turn up at the wrong place and then have to go back and start all over again. Sleighrides, card parties or dances arranged on the spur of the moment are likely to be fully as enjoyable as the more formal affairs; the enthusiasm that comes with the sudden suggestion over the telephone, everybody entering into the thing at a moment's notice and without feeling obliged to "put on Sunday best," has a zest all its own.

The usefulness of the long distance service should not be overlooked by farmers. It may be only once or twice in a year that it is necessary to call anybody further away than the next town, but that once or twice may be worth the whole cost of having a telephone in the house for a lifetime. The New England company's rural lines are equipped to give as good long distance service as the largest city has. The instruments are the most highly perfected type of Bell telephone, the construction is in accordance with the best engineering practice, and the exchange facilities are up to the highest standard.

It has become the motto of the progressive farmer, as of the progressive city man, "Don't write, don't travel, don't waste your time, strength or money—just telephone."

Social Christianity

Oh for a closer walk with man!
Sweet fellowship of soul,
Where each is to the other bound,
Parts of one living whole.

Our Father, God, help us to see
That all in Thee are one;
Oh warm our hearts with Thy pure love
Strong as yon glorious sun.

Pride, envy, selfishness will melt
Beneath that kindling fire;
Our brothers' faults we scarce shall see,
But good in all admire.

No bitter cry of misery
Shall ever pass unheard;
But gentle sympathy spring forth
In smile and strengthening word.

And when our brother's voice shall call
From lands beyond the sea,
Our hearts in glad response will say,
"Here, Lord, am I, send me."

Oh Jesus Christ, Thou Who wast Man,
Grant us Thy face to see;
In Thy light shall we understand
What human life may be.

Then daily with Thy Spirit filled,
According to Thy word;
New power will flow through us to all,
And draw men near our Lord.

Thus will the deep desire be met,
With which our prayer began—
A closer walk with Thee will mean
A closer walk with man.

—*C. B., in London Examiner.*

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The best scheme for uniting the Christian churches in this country in temperance work which has yet been devised, the one which has caused more unity of action between Christians of every name and won more victories at the polls and at state capitols dealing with legislators and governors, is that which is backed by the Anti-Saloon League, and we regret to see that the Presbyterian General Assembly at its last meeting was led to indorse the plan of starting a rival organization.

A WOMAN'S COLLEGE IN THE SOUTH

Sweet Briar Institute, a College of the Grade and Scope of Wellesley, Vassar, Smith and Bryn Mawr, Soon to be Numbered with the Few Really Great Schools for Women in the Country.

At last one of the cherished ambitions of the South is to be realized. On Sept. 27 Sweet Briar Institute, an entirely new school for women, one which the South has long waited for, will open its doors for the first time.

Through the munificent endowment provided for in the will of Mrs. Indiana Fletcher Williams, who left to the school an estate of $800,000 and several thousand acres of grounds, this new college for women has been made possible.

Sweet Briar Institute will be to the South and West what Wellesley, Vassar and Bryn Mawr are to the North. The work to be done in this school will be of a grade equal to that of the best woman's college in the country, and the requirements for admission are the same as those held by any of the great Northern colleges. There will be also courses in Domestic Science and Domestic Art, which will better help to make the school fit young women for life in the home. Provision is made for a sub-Freshman class which will receive students not ready for the collegiate work.

In advantages of location, for health, comfort and beauty of surroundings, Sweet Briar is unsurpassed. The school is located in the beautiful Piedmont section of Virginia, on the main line of the Southern Railroad, only a few hours' run from Washington, and but ten miles' run from Lynchburg, one of the principal cities of the state.

There could be no more fitting location for a woman's college. Picture a school surrounded by 3,000 acres of grounds, with at least 600 acres set aside for parks, lawns and recreation grounds, affording unlimited opportunities for tennis, basket ball and golf; a beautiful lake, half-mile long and covering ten acres of ground, where the students may enjoy boating, swimming, fishing and skating; and the entire scheme of buildings in perfect harmony, and you will have a slight idea of the attractiveness of this new school for women and its beautiful location.

Sweet Briar Institute offers free tuition to the daughters of the citizens of Amherst County, Virginia, and to the daughters of all Virginia clergymen. There is also one scholarship, affording free tuition, for each congressional district in the state. One scholarship is open to all Southern girls.

With a well-equipped corps of professors and carefully-arranged courses of study, with its admirable location and beautiful surroundings, and with many other exceptional advantages, Sweet Briar will certainly become a worthy monument to the liberality of its founder.

Dr. Mary K. Benedict has been elected president. She is a Vassar graduate and took her doctor's degree in philosophy at Yale. Communications regarding more detailed information as to examinations for scholarships and remission of tuition should be addressed to the President, Sweet Briar Institute, Sweet Briar, Va. Catalogue and Book of Views will be sent on application.

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A VACATION ON A HOUSE-BOAT, by REV. EBEN HERBERT.

A description of the delights of leisurely travel on Louisiana rivers.

THE PASSION PLAY AT VARDER THIERSEE, by MARY BREESE FULLER.

A peasants' performance in the Bavarian mountains that bears comparison with Ober-ammergau.

THE MILLIONAIRE SOCIALISTS AND SOME OF THEIR CO-WORKERS IN SOCIAL REFORM, by HAMILTON HOLT.

A little characterization of Anson Phelps Stokes, Joseph Medill Paterson, Jane Addams, William English Walling and others of the so-called "aristocrats" and "intellectuals" now identified with reform movements.

AN AMERICAN IN WHOM HIGH CHINESE OFFICIALS CONFIDE, by IAN C. HANNAH.

A pen-picture of Dr. Charles D. Tenney, who is to superintend in America the education of Chinese youth.

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The Business Department, known in the trade as *The Pilgrim Press*, publishes *The Congregationalist and Christian World*, the Pilgrim series of Lesson Helps and Sunday school papers, books for Sunday school and home reading, Records and Requisites for churches and Sunday schools, and sells the books of all other publishers as well as its own. Its treasury is entirely separate from that of the Missionary Societies, which, however, it makes annual appropriations. Orders for books and subscriptions for periodicals should be sent to the C. S. S. & Pub. Society; those from Ohio and all states east to 14 Beacon Street, Boston; from Interior and Western states to 175 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

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Women's Organizations

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WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION, Room 607 Congregational House, Miss Lizzie D. White, Treasurer; Miss Mary C.-E. Jackson, Home Secretary.

THE WOMAN'S SEAMAN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, of Boston, Room 601 Congregational House, Boston. Miss Grace Soren, Treasurer, 19 Greenville St., Roxbury.

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Contributions to sustain its work are solicited, and remittances of same are requested to be made direct to the main office of the society at New York.

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Rev. G. MCPHERSON HUNTER, *Secretary.*
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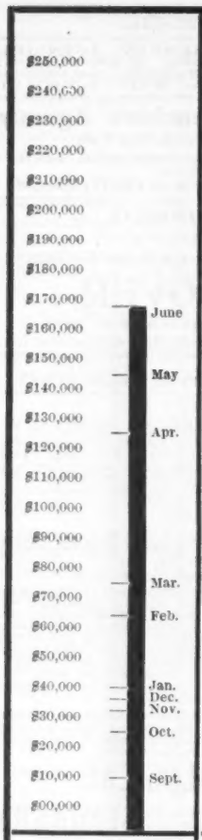

Gain Over Last Year in Receipts & Pledges

AMERICAN BOARD

Weekly Barometer of the Million Dollar Campaign

SIGNS OF PROMISE

Another large donation from California—$1,000 from a corporate member who means that the donations of the state shall not suffer because of the San Francisco disaster. We report a gift of $2 000 from Connecticut, another of $500 from the same state, one of $1,000 from a friend in Worcester, Mass., and a host of gifts smaller in amount but probably no less generous.

The receipts for the week ending July 18 are $20,916 77, a larger sum than we have sometimes obtained in an entire month. The column at the right goes up nearly to the $700,000 point, the total receipts being $698,150.88.

Speaking of California, here is a message from the Riverside Church of that state, Rev. E F. Goff, pastor, which reveals as fine a record of giving as we have seen in this record breaking year: "You know this has been an exceptional year for California. The great disaster at San Francisco bore heavily on all the land but especially so on this state. Our city raised to help over $1.00 for every inhabitant. Then Southern California has just assumed under pressure self-support for Home Missions and our church has just multiplied its annual offering by three for that object. Notwithstanding this, when Mr. Tenney was with us two weeks ago we let him know that we would stand by the Board and we more than doubled our annual offering for Foreign Missions at that time." After this no church should be discouraged in the effort to do something extra for the Board this year. Has your church acted?

The general financial situation is that we think we see $900,000 of our million. Where the last $100,000 is to come from the Lord only knows. But if all our churches and individual friends take hold earnestly we can secure that amount by August 31.

FRANK H. WIGGIN, *Treasurer*, 14 Beacon Street, Boston.

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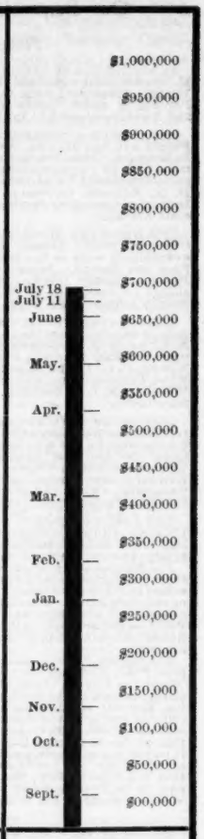

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THE CONGREGATIONALIST

and Christian World

Saturday
28 July 1906

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Event and Comment

The Program of Organized Labor

ORGANIZED LABOR has presented its claims to President Roosevelt and his cabinet advisers in such a way as to lead to the issuing of an order by which the eight-hour day will be strictly enforced hereafter in all Government work. This has been the law since 1892, but contractors have not been held rigidly to it as they must be now, Federal employees and officials being held responsible for summary execution of the law. This decision of the President was not taken until the American Federation of Labor had laid before him evidence of the extent to which the law was ignored or defied by the Government itself.

Class Legislature

THE YEAR 1906 will be notable both in this country and in Great Britain for the emergence in politics of a distinct labor party, holding its forces in hand, independent of the older parties, and casting its votes either for candidates of the older parties who will do its will, or for those who avowedly represent its claims and beliefs. The changes wrought in British political life by this evolution are somewhat apparent already; the effect on our American political life is as yet not clear, but with the decision of the American Federation of Labor to go into the coming congressional campaigns and mass the vote of organized labor against congressmen who have failed to vote for measures for which the Federation stands, and with the definite formation of labor parties in our cities and industrial centers, it begins to appear that we are to enter in this country, upon an era of "class" politics. The older way of selecting officials irrespective of any differences in race, station, calling or accumulation of property was the better way and more in harmony with original American ideals. We should not be surprised, however, to see, following the present era of disintegration of party alignment and adjustment to new social ideals, the rise in Congress of a group of men coming from city districts like that which Keir Hardie leads in the House of Commons.

Roosevelt Peacemaker

GUATEMALA'S AND SALVADOR'S representatives signed a treaty aboard the United States naval vessel Marblehead, July 21, establishing peace between the republics, providing for disarmament in eight days, exchange of prisoners, release of political prisoners, and negotiation within two months of a treaty of friendship, commerce and navigation. Moreover, and best of all, for it points to permanent relations of peace in Central America, it also is agreed that "all future concrete complaints between Salvador, Guatemala and Honduras shall be submitted to arbitration by the Presidents of the United States and Mexico." The entire negotiations and outcome also have the moral support of Costa Rica and Nicaragua. Here is a long step forward in the history of Latin America, implying not only a more stable condition of affairs in the small republics to the south of us, but revealing a willingness on their part to be aided by their strong neighbors on the north. This mediation by Presidents Roosevelt and Diaz will affect favorably the deliberations of the Pan-American Conference now in session in Rio Janeiro.

Statistics and Ethics

THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE BOARD of Labor and Statistics has recently issued two reports of decided value for students of contemporary ethics. The one refers to the amount of uncollectible indebtedness in Boston in 1905, the other to the ratio of births in certain typical towns as disclosed by the last state census. The inferences from the first of these reports are, that there is a waxing disposition to incur indebtedness for current living expenses, noticeable among the trading and wage-earning classes as over against the professional class and the moneyed classes, and that grocers and provision dealers are the business men beyond all others forced to give credit while cash is paid for things which are less necessary to life. The report especially condemns the modern "installment house" method of doing business as conducive to unnecessary purchases; and it charges the middle class population with living beyond their means. Of course if this be a fair statement of the tendencies of our people, it is easier to account for breaches of ethics in business. Living beyond one's means soon leads to dishonest devices to keep up appearances and furnish the requisite income.——The second report dealing with the birth rate of Pittsfield, Fall River, Beverly, Holyoke, Provincetown, Edgartown and Greenfield, 1900-05, shows a marked decline in fecundity but not as marked as some recent indictments of Massachusetts would have led one to expect. The average number of children born of native-born mothers was 2.77, and of foreign born mothers 4.83, the rate of mortality, however, among children of foreign born mothers being so much higher than of native born that the inequality is reduced considerably. A decrease in the number of children born is not always "race suicide," or the outcome of vicious tendencies. There are qualitative as well as quantitative tests to be applied, and recognition that some of the noblest of human motives may and often do account for a diminution of rate.

Death of Lady Curzon

AMERICAN WOMANHOOD has become better known to Europe and Asia since Miss Mary Leiter left Washington as the wife of Hon. George Curzon in 1895. She brought him much wealth, rare beauty and a sympathetic interest in all his political ambitions. Higher things than these she also brought. She had a tender human heart, profoundly interested in humanity's needs. She had a gracious manner that disarmed all critics from the so-called aristocratic circles or of the official class, who at first were not over hospitable to the new comer from the West, of (to them) plebian origin. Seldom has there been a more conclusive triumph of character, personal charm and consummate tact over hostile forces in society than that which Lady Curzon won first in London, and later in India after she went forth to that vast empire as the helpmeet of its high-minded viceroy. She won the hearts of the native princes and the native peasantry, the one by her beauty and social graces, the other by her tender sympathy for their distress and sorrows in time of famine. The tributes to her in the English press have been unprecedently genuine and sympathetic, and we doubt not but that when Indian public opinion is reported, it will be found that her mourners there are many and their sorrow poignant. So many alliances between European men of rank and American women have proved disastrous that it is the more gratifying to dwell on this brief but supremely happy married life of a very important figure in contemporary British politics and a noble American woman.

Preaching from an Automobile

ONE of the principal religious crusades of last summer in Great Britain was that directed by General Booth and carried out in a number of places with the aid of an automobile. This year Rev. F. B. Meyer, accompanied by Rev. J. H. Shakespeare, with a motor car has been visiting a number of towns and villages, holding often as many as eight or ten meetings a day. The main purpose is to cheer and hearten the Christian people in the outlying towns through a visit and addresses from two such leaders. The evangelistic element is also emphasized. What would be the effect on the State of Maine if Dr. Hillis and Dr. Gordon should take a fortnight of their vacation thus to tour through several counties, or if Dr. Gunsaulus and Dr. Bartlett should visit some of the outlying hamlets of Illinois,

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or Dr. Boynton and Dr. Cadman spin along the highways and byways of northern New York—all of them intent on gospel errands? Mr. Meyer, by the by, seems to be reaching out in many directions in these days and as never before to carry on his heart not only the spiritual but the material interests of the common people. In the course of his address in connection with the recent dedication of Jowett Institute in Birmingham, designed to reach the poor of that city, he said that he was brought up in a very narrow, evangelical school. "I am still evangelical," he added, "but, thank God! I am not narrow." He was taught to believe that the world was in a very bad way and was getting worse. Then something happened and the scales fell from his eyes, and he saw that the night was behind him and the day was in front of him. He is now filled with hope for the world.

DR. CAMPBELL MORGAN has scored a success in his Bible conference at Mundesley-on-Sea. Its first annual session just closed, exerted an influence that will be felt widely, many persons driving or cycling from the surrounding villages in order to be present. Modeled in part on Northfield and held at a beautiful, though somewhat remote point on the East coast, the conference has been on a far broader basis than that of the annual Keswick gathering which stands chiefly for one or two phases of truth. Dr. Morgan's ambition in connection with the Mundesley conference has been to bring into view many fields of Christian truth and various forms of practical activity. To that end he has had as speakers such men as Silvester Horne, Rev. J. D. Jones, Rev. J. Gregory Mantle, now in charge of the West End Mission of the Methodists in London, and Rev. S. F. Collier of Manchester who has demonstrated so conspicuously the possibility of reaching the masses through his splendid mission. Dr. Morgan's own work was in the form of a Bible study each morning and there, as at Northfield and at Seattle in connection with the Pacific Coast Congress, the feature was one of the most popular of the gathering. Dr. Morgan, in the *Christian World*, sums up his opinion of the conference thus:

The Northfield Idea in England

> I have long claimed to be a Churchman, but I have received new evidences of how many-sided a Churchman I am, as I have listened with delight and profit to things low as the eternal foundations, high as the glory of the coming city of God, broad as his great purposes, and narrow as the keen edge of well-tempered steel.

Another similar conference will be held next year in July.

WHEN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS last week, without much previous debate or discussion in public journals, swiftly set up a separate department of administration for Wales and recognized to a greater extent its political entity and right to more home rule, it might have known that the Scotch would soon be heard from, as indeed they have and will be more and more. Two decided changes in the British Parliament impend: first, relegation to Welsh, Scotch and Irish subordinate legislatures or executives of legislation or administrative rules directly affecting them; and second, shaping of legislation in the House by committees to a greater extent than now, the practical effect of both these reforms being that the legislature of the United Kingdom will be left the freer to deal in serious debate on the floor of the House, in an imperial way, with those problems of State which are distinctly of the kingdom or the empire and about which the mind of the entire House should play. As it is now Parliament putters with minor matters that we leave to state or municipal legislatures; and it tries to deal in open session with issues which can be settled—at least in their earlier stages—vastly better by five or seven or fifteen men sitting around a committee-room table.

Home Rule in Great Britain

CONDITIONS OF MODERN LIFE in towns and cities make for emphasis of the personal equation in the leader who preaches, teaches, consoles, warns and administers. More and more congregations gather according to their like or dislike for the preacher. The parish system is breaking down everywhere, varying in degree with localities and denominations, but nevertheless slowly but surely passing away. At a recent Representative Church Council of the Church of England made up of members of the three houses of convocation of the Provinces of Canterbury and York, Bishop Gore of Birmingham raised this issue, by a motion making it possible for laymen to gain standing as members of churches which they habitually attend, but in whose parish bounds they do not reside. Bishop Gore said that nothing was more evident than that if the Church would live it must adjust itself to present-day conditions. Lord Halifax, a virulent "Catholic" layman, said that it could not be denied that the parochial system had broken down, and nothing the council could do "would put it on its legs again." Canon Hensley Henson, the Broad Church leader, thought that the Establishment had enough critical problems without this substitution of a Congregational for a parochial system. The bishop of London said that the parochial system had broken down in London and the Congregational system was working very well. Ten bishops, fifty-three clergy and eighty laymen voted for the resolution, and nineteen bishops, eighty-one clergy and seventy-six laymen against. Such a large minority vote shows that ultimate victory is near. Congregationalism as over against Episcopacy is slowly winning its way even in the Established Church, which some day may be as democratic and congregationalized as the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country. The Bishop of Rochester has just announced that under certain conditions hereafter he will allow local churches to choose their own clergymen. It is for this reform that the Church Reform League stands.

Parochialism Versus Congregationalism

JOHN MORLEY has been biding his time, studying actual conditions in the empire over which he especially administers for the Liberal Cabinet, and at last he has spoken. To the British imperialist who would make India keep in touch with Great Britain's fiscal policy, whatever the cost to India, he points out that insistence that India must give England preferential duties means that she is asked to discriminate against three-fourths of her customers, the United Kingdom taking only twenty-five per cent. of her export trade. Recognizing the dissatisfaction growing among the natives because of their exclusion from higher posts of administration and because of the non-representative character of the Government, Mr. Morley announces that he has supported the viceroy in appointing a commission to inquire how far extension of the representative element in the legislative council can be expediently carried out. Greater freedom of thought and speech and more access to official posts, Mr. Morley approves of and will further. Japan's victory over Russia, *i. e.*, the triumph of an Oriental over an Occidental people, created new conditions for Great Britain in India which Mr. Morley wisely recognizes. The English democracy can only justify its retention of India by slowly but surely fitting it for home rule, as we plan to do in the Philippines. There must be the goal of home rule and representative government ahead, however far, if there is to be permanent peace or moral justification for the stewardship.

India's Future

A SECOND CONFERENCE of representatives of the Canadian Methodist and the Northern and Southern Methodist Episcopal Churches of this country, held last week, resulted in agreement on a union of Japanese Methodism. Once, early in the negotiations on this important matter, Methodist Protestants were included in the plan of union, but the insistence of the Methodist Episcopal Church North on a life tenure episcopacy and other rigid forms of autocracy in Government, defeated this plan, not only for the Methodist Protestants, but for others concerned. Hence when later representatives of the three bodies came together, the determination to impose American polity on Japanese Methodists was so apparent that the plan for union failed. When news of this reached Japan, both missionaries and native Christians expressed such dissatisfaction with the outcome and with the disinclination of the officials in the United States and in Canada to recognize the impossibility of dealing with Oriental conditions as if they were Occidental, that a conference was called at Tokyo in May, and its opinion sent back to this country in a respectful, but emphatic form. The conference at Buffalo last week records the effect of this Home Rule uprising in Japan. The three Methodisms are to unite and the bishop is to have a limited, not a life tenure. Thus the Methodist regiment comes together, preparatory to the welding of it with other Protestant forces in Japan, under one banner in the Church of Christ in Japan, which is now the goal toward which Japanese Christians are working and which it seems both useless and fatuous to oppose. The last meeting of the Japanese Evangelical Alliance appointed a large and representative committee to report at the next meeting on organic union of the Protestant churches.

Union of Japanese Methodism

Nationalization of Industries in Japan

JAPAN'S RECENT wholesale purchase of privately owned railways and their transfer to ownership by the State seems to have been based, like so much of her national policy, on rational study of her own peculiar needs in the light of the recent war and of such experience as European nations have had in governmental ownership of railways. Now the report comes from our commercial agents in Japan that the same process of nationalization is going on in industry; that we and other Powers as they henceforth compete with Japan on the Asiatic continent in particular must compete with a state that has now gone into industry with the same thoroughness, efficiency and singleness of aim that has characterized Japanese military science and art. It is needless to say that this means a very much severer form of competition than seemed imminent, and is one calculated to give Japan a long lead in the trade of the continent of Asia sooner or later. Moreover, this partial if not complete acceptance of the collective ideal of social and commercial activity, what does it mean? That Japan as a commercial nation is to pass, as it were, directly from feudalism to the socialistic state, without passing through, on any large scale or with it as a dominating ideal, the period of individualism and competition in business and industry, which, while it has enriched the Occidental world, also has caused very much of its practical rejection of essential Christianity? The political structure of Japan has been immensely in her favor of late in enabling her to make swiftly the military adjustments necessary to equip her for defeating Russia; and the same political structure will enable her to make the shift she now bids fair to make without any need of consulting the rank and file of the people.

Something to Say in the Pulpit

We print this week a singularly suggestive article by Rev. W. A. Bartlett, D. D., pastor of the Union Park Church, Chicago. His theme, Variety in Preaching, and the pungent style with which it is treated, together with the keen but good-natured criticism of himself and his fellow-pastors, makes the article well worth pondering both by those whose calling it is to preach and those who listen to preaching. It is a good time now that many pastors are recruiting their energies in quiet places by the sea or at the mountains, for each man to ask himself anew the question, "What am I preaching and how am I preaching it?"

Many influences combine to dull the preacher's own interest in his message and make it less clear cut than it ought to be. The pressure of petty, parochial duties, the unsettlement of mind that too often accompanies the modern intellectual movement, the constant reiteration of what has been said so many times, makes it frequently hard for the man in the pulpit Sunday after Sunday to speak with the spontaneity and ardor traditionally associated with the prophetic office. Nevertheless, unless as a preacher of Christ's gospel he has something more momentous to say to the people than the moralist, the philosopher, the poet, the story-teller, the magazine writer, are saying to the world seven days in the week, he is simply going through an ecclesiastical routine of comparatively little value to others and which will pall upon himself sooner or later.

The variety in the form of preaching which Dr. Bartlett so cogently champions will come if the central, fundamental message be clearly apprehended. The stream that takes its rise high upon the hills will cut for itself fresh channels from time to time. The man who has something on his heart will blurt it out so that people can understand it and he will be less inclined to use the conventional theological phraseology or even oft-repeated Biblical statements than he will to convey his meaning in phrases that the man of the street will understand. It helps wonderfully sometimes to imagine one's self talking to just one man on the theme of religion. What would you say if you got John Smith in a corner next Sunday where he had to listen? Would you not put your thought in some plain yet alluring language that he could not choose but hear and heed? Church congregations are simply collections of individuals. Why then should the minister ever think it worth while to talk a half an hour on Sunday morning to a hundred persons when he would not have the assurance or the desire to say the same things condensed into ten minutes to one individual?

Will the people come to church if the preacher's message is clearer, stronger and more varied? We heard a group of ministers discussing this question the other day; some said No, and others Yes. This much at least is true, that men will not long come, we mean the average men of the world, unless the man in the pulpit has something to say and knows how to say it. But if the community gradually discovers that the preacher says something worth while every Sunday, the fact cannot help but affect attendance. People will come because they won't want to miss the sermon. They will consider themselves losers if they stay away. This has been demonstrated again and again as one pastor with the gift of effective speech has succeeded another who seemed to have no message. Under such circumstances almost invariably the congregation begins to increase.

We have great sympathy with the modern preacher who has to talk each week to men and women who come to church fagged in body and mind, in whose ears hundreds of other voices are sounding day by day. But has not this been the problem in one form or another before the Christian preacher through the centuries? If he will only dig down into the reality of spiritual things and mine ore to be transmuted by the touch of his personality into living golden words will he not meet today as hitherto with a quick and appreciative response? John the Baptist got a hearing because his message was burned into his soul—the message of repentance and of preparation for the new order. Phillips Brooks thrilled the nation because of his own powerful grasp on his central message—the eternal belonging of the soul to God the infinite possibilities of men in Jesus Christ. The average man in the pulpit may not hope to attain pre-eminence as a pulpit orator, but nothing prevents him from obtaining a strong, clear, far-reaching, personal message. God will give it to him if he seeks it humbly in prayer and employs all his powers to grasp and phrase it. And the people wait for it.

The Outlook for Sunday Rest

A century ago, when Boston was much more the storm center of Congregationalism than it is today, one of the signs of reawakening interest in an aggressive Christianity was the organization and activity of the friends of a better Sabbath observance. What that meant in their minds was the return of the Puritan ideal of Sabbath keeping, which was, in its essence, as complete an application of the Sabbath laws of the Hebrews as the conditions of the then present world would allow.

Today we are concerned not for the Hebrew Sabbath, but for the world-rest one day in seven, which by the influence and usage of the Christian Church is kept by most of us on the first day of the week and which, in memory of our Lord's rising again, we call his day. We have ceased, with the abandonment of direct alliance between Church and State, to feel that we have any right to compel men to worship; but we have a vital interest in securing them the opportunity of rest, on which at last the invitation to worship must largely depend. We recognize that private practice, except in so far as it prevents the cessation of labor and the quiet which is essential to the free and undisturbed enjoyment of rest and worship, does not fall within the view of our lawmakers. Has this withdrawal of the Christian Church from its claim to dictate the methods of Rest Day observance helped or hindered its influence?

At the first glance many will exclaim that it has immeasurably hindered it and will point to the Sunday amusements of the day as a proof of their contention. This, however, is a shallow and short-sighted view of the matter and further consideration leads rather to the opposite conclusion. For, in the first place, the Church is not a unit in support of any principle of Lord's Day observance. Not only would the Puritan ideal have the bitter enmity of the people who use their Sunday for pure relaxation or dissipation—it has never commended itself to vast numbers of Christians—the Lutherans, the Roman Catholics and others. A Puritan Church in New England, for instance, fighting to retain usages like that old Connecticut usage which forbade driving past the churches while the people were at worship, and, in fact, all movement outside the narrowest limits on Sunday, would without question have opposed to it the majority of professing Christians in the present-day New England.

Questions which are essentially of the State can never be finally and satisfactorily settled by the Church, even when the Church is a unit and in a majority. While our population was changing so rapidly as in the last generation, laws of Sunday observance, so far as they entered into details of personal life, were necessarily subject to revision, and the successes of the Puritan churches in embodying or retaining their ideals in law

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were in the nature of things temporary. But every advance which the State makes by the consent of the whole people and as the result of long experience may be claimed as permanent. And such results of sober thought and common experience carry with them none of that peculiar bitterness with which the Puritan rigidity has always been regarded by those outside or in rebellion against its influence.

There is not now—there never really was—room in our American social life for the authority of a Sabbath law dictated by any church. But the Rest Day law which is built upon the general conviction of the validity of the Sabbatic principle of rest one day in seven—a law which insists upon the widest possible cessation of labor and which leaves the individual free to worship undisturbed, rests upon the broadest social foundations.

We welcome, then, with peculiar pleasure, the action of France in enacting a law forbidding Sunday labor. That is the first step, that clears the way. In a country like France, where Puritanism was never supreme and organized Christianity has ceased to be the controlling factor in the government, the popular conviction of the necessity of the world Sabbath for the laboring man, opens a door of hope for religious progress, though it does not close it upon selfish self-indulgence in mere Sunday pleasure.

We referred last week to the Massachusetts commission for the revision of the state laws of Sunday observance. We think it of the highest importance that our churches should bring their influence to bear, but not in favor of the Puritan or even of the religious Sabbath. We have a right to claim that the commissioners shall consider the whole matter in the light of the highest experience of the race. It is not for them a religious question, except as all things are religious. They cannot decide it as representatives of the churches, and we would be most indignant if they decided it as the representatives of those who dislike the churches. It is a question of social efficiency and personal opportunity. We have a right to claim the world-Sabbath of one day's rest in seven, but not the Hebrew Sabbath or the Christian Lord's Day from our lawmakers. But we have the further right to claim that freedom shall be left for all who choose to keep the Hebrew Sabbath, or the Christian Lord's Day to do so without disturbance—it is our good fortune under God's ordering that common consent of Christendom dictates that the rest day shall be the first day of the week.

There is nothing in this position which contravenes the liberty of individual or of corporate observance of any day in the week in any manner which may commend itself to any man, or any group of men. On the vexed questions of the proper observance of the Lord's Day by Christians we have not touched, nor on the relation of that observance to the Hebrew Sabbath law. But, since this is the most practical of questions and one which can only be successfully met by the Church in the exercise of common business sense and respect for the feelings and opinions of others, we repeat that the first, though not the final interest of Christians is in securing the enactment of laws for the world-rest one day in seven which shall so commend themselves to the good sense and sober judgment of all the moral and industrious classes of the community that they will have the strong support of public opinion behind them for their enforcement. Beyond that wide fields of example, invitation and testimony are open, where the Church may labor without incurring hatred and with good hope of large results.

Russia's Return to Autocracy

History has been made rapidly in Russia during the past fortnight, and the Czar has taken a step almost certain to lead to revolution, vast loss of life and property, and strife between the dynasty and the people, which can only end with complete defeat of one or the other. Dissolution of the national parliament by the Czar, wholesale arrests of Liberals, massing of troops in the cities and towns, the flight of members of the Douma to Finland, preparation by the Social Democrats and the Group of Toil for a clash with the military and for a universal strike—these are incidents which show that the hour of crisis has come, when moderate men who make up the party of the Constitutional Democrats and the Intelligencia must for a time stand aside impotent and await a test of the relative power of the Czar with his army and the people with their new weapons of passive resistance and the ancient weapons of revolt—fire and pillage.

Everything—from the Czar's standpoint—depends upon the army, even for temporary victory, while for permanent triumph he must have with him the peasantry and the proletariat of the cities, not to mention the "intellectuals," and unless all signs fail he has permanently alienated each of these classes.

In France, where, if anywhere, there would be approval and sympathy for the Czar in his reaction of fear and denseness of insight, there is general agreement that the policy is most unwise and short-sighted, full of omen to France, her ally. The *Temps* well says:

> The government dismissed the assembly without attempting anything in the nature of loyal collaboration, probably hoping that time would change the current of events before the next session. Emperor Nicholas, though personally sincere, was obliged to choose for or against parliament, and his counselors prevailed upon him to decide to violate the promise which he made when convoking parliament, whose votes have not justified the present measure of dissolution. The future, therefore, is dark. The people had confidence in the Emperor. What will become of that confidence now? Perhaps it is vainly hoped that a chamber elected in another manner can be more easily controlled; perhaps it is thought possible, by means of repression, to prevent a meeting of a new parliament altogether.

The Czar, justifying his dissolution of the Douma, charges it with illegal acts, with a radical and subversive policy. He affirms his loyalty to the principle of a popular legislature and names March 5 of next year as the date for a resitting. He pledges the peasantry that their holdings of property will be enlarged, and he calls on "faithful sons of Russia to aid him in the task of regeneration."

Unfortunately the critical outer world never yet has seen evidence of the Czar's sincere conversion to recognition of democracy or popular share in government. Pending such it is useless to expect his resistance for any length of time to the reactionary influences which surround him. No new Douma will be less bold in asserting the people's will than the one which has lived ten weeks and extorted praise from western Europe and America for its ability and firmness. No return to the knout, exile to Siberia, or bayonet and bullet can put Russia back where it was twelve months ago. It is sheer folly for the Czar and his dynasty to think that he can find a better or more moderate group of the people's leaders to deal with than he had in the Douma just adjourned. The next one will be far more radical, for the peasantry are disillusioned and aroused.

Sad it is to contemplate the playing of a large rôle by a small man, the rejection of great opportunities by a vacillating and hind-sighted weakling, and the coming on with swift pace of conditions born of revolution instead of evolution.

The Art of Finding God

In Nature*

We must take God to the realm of nature if we would find him there. For the true heart of the Psalmist the heavens bear witness to his glory, but only because the law of God was written in his heart. So he soon turns back to the perfection of the divine character revealed in his teaching as the true means of discovery and delight.

No wise teacher would say to an inquirer who came in his search for God, "Go out first under the heavens and study the sun and stars." For the awe and reverence which comes of natural grandeur and speaks to the soul of God belongs to the child's and to the childlike mind—to the stage of immaturity and to the stage of acquaintance through faith. The heavens may suggest mere mathematics, dynamics, spectroscopic chemistry to the mind. The witness of God is still there, intensified with each new discovery and for the thoughtful mind enhanced by the pushing wider of all bounds and the deepening both of knowledge and of the mystery which lies behind our knowledge. But these studies form no longer a highway, as they did in the childhood of the race, to a conception of divinity.

God is to be found in the visible world only as we have welcomed him to a home in our heart. It is true, as we believe and as many an old Hebrew prophet and singer believed and taught, that God is the present spirit in all his works. But the works bear but a partial witness, easily misread, to God's character and purpose. How shall he, who is of our own nature more than anything we see, become fully known to us in the things which are beneath both him and us? The heavens declare his glory, the arching sky—no longer a solid dome to our thought, as the Psalmist imagined it, but the illimitable space in which the suns and stars move on their way—declares his power and skill; but what do they tell us of his fatherhood or friendship?

* Prayer meeting topic for July 29—Aug. 4. The Art of Finding God. In Nature. Ps. 19: 1-14. Is God in the world or outside the world? Is nature a complete revelation of God? How shall we find him in our uses and enjoyments?

Have we not known the joy which comes in thinking of an absent friend in scenes where he and we have walked together? Did not every landmark, every change of light and glory in the sunrise or the evening speak to us of him? So the way of the discovery of God is the way of personal acquaintance with our Heavenly Father to which Christ invites and the light which reveals God in the beauty and the wonder of the earth is the light of the presence of the Divine Spirit in our hearts. No less than this can open to us the meaning of God's manifested power, or enable us to bring the help of faith and patience to the terrible things and destructive forces which he has made. His light brings rest of heart and zest of pleasure in our common experiences and observations in a world where he is motive power and sovereign Lord of all.

In Brief

"I wish you a renewing vacation," writes one friend to another. That's the only kind that pays.

The visiting minister will appreciate a compliment, but he isn't so anxious for that as for a handshake.

Who will be the bucolic poet to imitate Whittier's Maud Müller, and picture Theodore Roosevelt in a field pitching hay?

The Federal census bureau at last has begun the much desired investigation of statistics of marriage and divorce, recommended one year and a half ago by the President.

Detroit's mayor is getting ready to establish a municipal ice plant. Water in its frozen state seems as legitimate an object for municipal ownership and sale as water in its liquid state.

Germany has just decided to increase its revenue, in part by a tax on automobiles, ranging from $6 to $42 a year. The liberty of pedestrians on which motor-cars encroach is thus paid for, as it were.

Federal officials have haled into court editors and the business manager of the New York *Herald* for violating the postal laws by depositing in the mails daily papers containing matter alleged to be obscene.

Modern Germany's position among the Powers is explained when you read that during the past generation while population has been increasing fifty per cent. her university students have increased 300 per cent. in number.

These are days of restitution and reparation. Mayor Dunne of Chicago is to be credited with having compelled the Chicago Telephone Company to return to 1,600 subscribers excess charges collected during the past four years amounting to $400,000.

Brethren from the West are dropping into the Congregational House in good number these days. They are more than welcome and some of them express great delight in the renovations and changes that have made the bookstore one of the most attractive in the country.

R. F. Horton has pledged the young people of his church that he will not weary them more with sermons longer than thirty minutes in length. When you begin this servitude there is no limit. What if the young folks strike on thirty and insist on twenty-minute sermons?

Enforcement of rules of cleanliness and provision of abundant pure air in sleeping quarters is killing the Negro laborers on the Panama Canal. Their systems cannot stand ozone. It is so difficult to do good in the world, and so much of man's effort born of altruism injures rather than blesses.

Young English democracy finds expression in Rev. C. Silvester Horne's comment on the recent titles conferred by the king. He argues that it should soon become a Liberal policy not to recommend hereditary honors. "It ought to be understood that to the democrat the hereditary principle in any form is foolish."

Is there any connection between the high intellectual standards which Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts seeks to maintain in the clergy of his diocese and the fact that more Episcopalians for the last two years have attended the Harvard Summer School of Theology than representatives of any other denomination?

Exigencies of modern life are affecting British religious journalism and the *Christian News*, organ of the Evangelical Union of Scotland, and *The Examiner*, organ of English Congregationalists, are to be united under the title *British Congregationalist*. In union may there be strength and prosperity long and substantial!

The Congregationalist refers to Winston Churchill as "the writer of fiction who has a civic conscience and political ambition." Whether this is an unqualified compliment or not depends on whether political ambition is regarded as a virtue or a vice.—*Boston Globe.*

The political ambition of a Quay or Croker is a vice; of a Roosevelt or a Folk, a virtue.

Postals and letters continue to come to us each mail in large numbers showing what a firm hold Mr. Martin of the Conversation Corner has on the hearts of our subscribers, young and old. Between two and three hundred cards have been received, many signed by whole families and many by little children. Some of our friends speak of having read and enjoyed the Corner since its origin twenty years ago. Let us have as long a list as possible to present to Mr. Martin.

Among other questions to be answered when Pennsylvania officials have an accounting with those responsible for making the new doors of the Capitol bearing portraits in bronze of minor politicians and "bosses" like the late M. S. Quay is, How did the head of Senator Clark of Montana find place there? It seems he was born in Pennsylvania, owns the bronze foundry which made the doors, and practically paid for the privilege of being immortalized in metal. The brass will remain if the bronze has to go.

In a character sketch of the late Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the eminent English temperance reformer, we note that he is credited with having a fine sense of humor, and with being "a firm believer in the Horatian principle of cutting the Gordian knot of difficulty with a laugh." The sense of humor has not been conspicuous among American temperance reformers, though Frances Willard, pre-eminent among them, was blessed with more than the average amount. John B. Gough was a supreme illustration of it.

The one hundredth man in the congregation is the one J. Morgan Gibbon would have his fellow-preachers look out for. Ninety and nine men will listen and be satisfied, but the hundredth man will "find out." "He wants things, not words; medicine, not a lecture; he is a patient, not a medical student. If we are word-mongers, or mere dabblers in doctrine, if we have no Christ and no living God, that man will find us out. He will not accuse us of heresy, but he will go away unhealed and unhelped—'I brought him to Thy disciples, and they could not cure him.'"

To show how far the element of trickery in business has gone, it is possible now to point to the case of a Wisconsin Supreme Court judge who no longer ago than October, 1902, endeavored to induce a Wisconsin insurance company to give him a rebate on his premium, and offered to show the company a trick by which it could be done in his and other cases without evading the law technically. As counsel before the Wisconsin legislative committee said last week, if supreme court judges are taking this attitude toward law, what may be expected of the ordinary citizen?

Driven to it by what in the old days would have been called purely secular motives the French House of Deputies has recently enacted a law compelling one day's rest in seven. When the present reaction from older Hebraic and Puritan ideals in this country has run its course, we will be forced to do as France has just done. In order to give pleasure or recreation to the multitude we are slowly but surely forcing an ever increasing number of men and women to Sunday toil. These in turn will some day demand the right of one day's rest in seven, even though they may not have it on Sunday.

The president of one of the leading clubs of Brooklyn, N. Y., has been forced to call attention to the persistent petty thieving of members and their guests who take silver, linen, etc., as souvenirs. This is a form of dishonesty very prevalent, and of which women especially are guilty. Persons who would be highly insulted if they were called thieves, and who could not be tempted with money lying loose, have not the slightest hesitation, as they travel about, in taking what does not belong to them. Whether there is more or less of this than there was ten years ago, who can say? but there is too much of it when there is any of it.

We would not have believed it on the word of any "mere man," but advance sheets of the census of manufactures for 1905 show that during the interval between 1900-1905 the number of religious journals in this country increased 335 in number, there being 1,287 published when the count was last made. Other statistics about the business of newspaper-making are interesting. Sunday editions distribute 11,539,521 copies weekly. The total regular circulation of the 21,400 publications during 1904, was 146,503,828 which shows that each man, woman and child in the country averages about two publications.

In times of revolution such as Russia now sees it is always well to know what the clergy are saying and doing. Sad to contemplate is the fact that the Established Church is in league with the reactionary forces and has been for decades if not centuries. Nevertheless, the Douma has a few brave Orthodox clergy enrolled among its members who are representative of a minority within the Greek Church that stands with the people. One of these, M. Afanassieff, in his sorrow and indignation at the awful massacre at Bielostock, said: "God is dead in the souls of Russian governors. They have forgotten Christ, and bathe in the blood of the Jews like Herod in Palestine. But the cup of patience is full. The Russian nation will punish the criminals, for they feel that the hour of Supreme judgment is near at hand."

Those who may have felt that Maxim Gorky had been somewhat unjustly treated will revise their kindly feelings for the man who can write about American civilization as he does in the August *Appleton's Magazine*, and who can brazenly say of himself that since he revolted early in life from the moral instruction of his grandfather he "has regarded all discourses as to morality as a useless waste of time. Moreover, being from my youth up a professional sinner like all honest writers, what can I say about morality?" It is this sort of talk revealing ethical obtuseness or worse, this indifference to the moralities which have been evolved through

the ages which makes much of modern secular socialism so repugant to men who have nothing but intense solicitude for the welfare of their kind less fortunately situated in life. With Gorky talking thus about the ethics of the family, and Tolstoi preaching anarchy to Russian peasants already incited to destruction of property and life, the Russian masses today are not well led by their *literati*.

The new Congregational Year-Book is out in board covers of sunny hue, with strong, flexible, cloth-bound backs. Though light and thin, compared with the year-books of some other denominations and with that issued by the British Congregational Union, it contains a vast amount of information carefully condensed and classified. Among interesting new features introduced by the editor, Dr. Asher Anderson, are the pages devoted to the women's benevolent organizations, to the Boston Seaman's Friend Society, an organization identified with Congregationalism, and a table showing the state connection of our 301 foreign churches. Other recent features are the tables giving our gains and losses by sectional groups and membership and accessions by states, the last named showing that, while twenty Congregational churches have over 1,000 members, over 60 per cent. of all the churches number less than 100. Owing in part to a printers' strike, but principally to neglect by church clerks, the Year-Book is a month later than last year in coming out. Let the church clerks register a vow that this shall never happen again.

Personalia

Mr. John D. Rockefeller will give $250,000 to rebuild the San Francisco Y. M. C. A. if a similar sum is raised.

Prof. A. Harnack of Berlin University will visit this country next year to participate in the opening of Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg.

Mr. Albert Spicer, the eminent London Congregationalist merchant and promoter of denominational interests, was made a baronet by the Ministry in June.

Bishop McDonnell of the Roman Catholic dioceses of Brooklyn, N. Y., has secured as site for a great cathedral the property now occupied by the Kings County Penitentiary, for which he paid one-quarter million dollars.

There are two English Congregationalists in the House of Lords now. The latest to be made a peer is one of Campbell Morgan's supporters at Westminster Chapel—Mr. Armisted, a very old Scotch friend of Mr. Gladstone's, who is to leave his fortune to Herbert Gladstone.

The White member of the Chicago Board of Education, which our correspondent thinks is becoming somewhat "red" in its tendencies, is not the pastor of the Union Park Church—as we announced last week—but a first-class Universalist, who is a conservative in education if a liberal in theology.

Bishop Walters, bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, also president of the Afro-American Council, has issued a call to Afro-Americans in Greater New York to meet and aid the council in preparing to bring before the Federal Supreme Court the constitutionality of Southern State legislation affecting the Fifteenth Amendment.

Miss Sophronia Fletcher, M. D., who died last week in Cambridge, Mass., aged ninety-nine years, graduated in the first class of women leaving Boston University Medical College in 1854; was an instructor at Mt. Holyoke Seminary fifty years ago; and had lived a life of exceptional usefulness to her sex in particular and humanity at large.

Since Mr. Richards's article on A Successful Woman Evangelist, on page 118, was put into type, Miss Lord has been engaged by the Evangelistic Commission of the Methodist Episcopal General Conference. The Methodists are great gainers through securing this Congregational minister's daughter, who was trained, however, in one of their schools.

Having reached his seventieth year and having served Colorado faithfully for twenty-five years as treasurer of Colorado College, Mr. George N. Marden deems it best to resign his position. Pres. W. F. Slocum says that without Mr. Marden's work the institution would not be in existence today. He has shown rare tact in approaching givers and has made himself welcome in different parts of the country.

Three Protestant clergymen of Natick, Mass., among them Rev. Morris H. Turk of the First Congregational Church, with county officers raided saloons on Fourth of July, capturing a large amount of liquor and proving conclusively the existence of a traffic denied by town officials and proper police authorities. Having little confidence in either selectmen or police the clergymen sought the aid of county officers, and began a "clean-up" themselves.

Rev. Dr. Daniel March bears his ninety years with steady step and elastic mind and spirit. The big church edifice at Woburn, Mass., was crowded with his friends last Sunday, when his birthday was celebrated; and besides addresses by himself and the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, an impressive feature of the service was a procession of ninety Sunday school children, each bearing a rose, which was presented to the venerable and beloved pastor *emeritus*.

Russell Sage of New York City, speculator and money-lender, died last Sunday, aged nearly ninety years. It was one of his sayings that "fifty cents is enough for a straw hat; it will last two seasons." Yet another of his profound remarks was that "the vacation habit is the outgrowth of abnormal or distorted business habits." In conformity with the point of view of life and things set forth in these sayings, he accumulated a vast fortune which he loaned at high rates of interest, and he also acquired a reputation for closeness and love of lucre for lucre's sake which has made him one of the most unpopular of our American men of wealth. It remains to be seen whether his fortune will be bequeathed well. Mr. Sage held that "real charity is disbursed without the blare of trumpets," and it may now be disclosed that throughout what seemed to be a stingy life he has been secretly doing generous deeds.

Suburba in the Boston Churches

At Park Street Church

Suburba had enjoyed The Captain of the Janizaries, Deborah, A Baritone's Parish and others of Dr. James M. Ludlow's stimulating works. She was therefore delighted to learn that he was to preach at Park Street Church last Sunday and turned her steps to the weather-beaten structure which for so many years of the last century was a theological storm center. Today, in its bravery of new paint, it holds up its head smartly, as if it said, "I'm not worrying about Dr. Osler—I have a new lease of life!"

Within she found the genial sexton, who told her the outside improvements were to be matched by interior renovation, for which the edifice would be closed through August. Up in the classic auditorium, the gray walls were already yielding to the decorator's scraper, for evidently the new pastor has no reverence for ancient dust. Suburba remembered how her eyelids had drooped in that ill-ventilated audience room, despite the eloquence of a Storrs or a McKenzie. Today, however, the air blew softly through the windows, and one could almost hear the rustle of the trees on the Common and the Granary Burying Ground. Then she inclined to wish it were always summer; but Sexton Bruce assured her that in winter fans would keep the air in wholesome motion, at the same time confiding to her how difficult he found it to satisfy both the modern advocates of fresh air and the older people who couldn't bear a draft.

She was happy in meeting the oldest resident member of the church, who kindly invited her into the pew which she said she had occupied seventy years. Here her hostess could see in fancy hundreds of the former members just where they used to sit, and could repeat their names from memory's roll.

The preacher—blond, elderly, observant—was evidently not a mystic alone, but of that most helpful type, a practical idealist. He looked the congregation over with a kindly, yet quizzical gaze, gave out some fine hymns in a rich, vital voice, including that beautiful one of Merrick's, "To Thy pastures fair and large," and joined heartily in the singing. The exceptionally fine choir contributed the *Te Deum* and a touching arrangement of "O Jesus, Thou Art Standing."

Dr. Ludlow preached from Christ's declaration that he had come—"to preach good tidings to the poor," etc. The main figure he used was that of light. Considering God as the Sun and the Scriptures as sunbeams, he referred to the many blessings which indirectly result from Christianity as the wider radiance, the diffused light which can only be traced by what it illumines. Whatever uplifts humanity, corrects conscience, builds up character, sweetens love, and makes man feel himself brother to every other man and a child of God, is due to the indirect radiance of the Divine Spirit. If we estimate the growth of the kingdom by the number of converts, are we not measuring the sunbeam instead of surveying the great field of Christ's daylight?

To illustrate the fine Christian spirit of modern times, he referred to the great impulse toward freedom which at the time of our Civil War appeared almost simultaneously in America, France, Italy and Asia; to the movements for trial by jury, for public schools in England and for the protection of private property, all within less than three-quarters of a century; to the holding of The Hague court of arbitration, the first step toward the abolition of war, only seven years ago; to the higher standards which obtain in the realms of finance and legislation. Corruption still exists. The new phase is popular indignation which says, "This old evil shall cease." So humanity moves out to fill up its ideal—Christ. The Christian is one who sees the beauty of Christ and adores the great Sun. Many who have not made the great confession are Christians at heart.

It was a significant sermon to hear at "Brimstone Corner;" but it illustrated one point the preacher made: that the world does move, steadily though insensibly, on toward the goal of a broader, kindlier brotherhood.

Mr. Charles J. Glidden of Boston, who has toured over the world in an automobile to a greater extent than any other American—33,600 miles in thirty-five countries—finds fault with the churches of Saratoga, N. Y., that they made no special effort to invite the Glidden tourists to church when owners and chauffeurs crowded the New York resort, July 15. He goes on to say that on his long journey about the world he has never received an invitation to attend church or look into the work of mission stations. Let him tell the rest of the story himself, and if it has any moral to churches and mission stations, let it act as ferment. He says:

Government officials, business and professional men knew we were in town and made our stay very pleasant, but had we not looked them up we would never have known that there were ministers or missionaries in any of the foreign lands. This may be rather foreign to a motor car drive, but automobiling is not simply running a machine. Such neglect on the part of the church people may, however, account for the falling off of church attendance and lack of an increasing interest in the missionary cause.

Variety in Preaching

A Straight Talk to Fellow-Culprits in the Ministry

By Rev. W. A. Bartlett, D. D, First Congregational Church, Chicago

If confession is good for the soul I am willing to make confession concerning certain weaknesses in preaching, but I am not so humble-minded that I will bear the blame alone, but will insist on involving many of my brethren with me.

I suppose we are brave enough to acknowledge that for the most part our churches are plenty large enough to hold all who wish to hear us. Yesterday thirty-five thousand people tried to see the New York-Chicago baseball game. Ten thousand were unable to do so. They did not overflow into the churches. It is fair to say, however, that the same crowd would not have been in the churches anyway. But in all the one hundred and twenty-five Congregational churches and missions of Chicago and vicinity there were not twenty-five thousand people. I say this the more safely when I recall the estimate made not long ago by a famous preacher, that he had fifteen hundred people in his audience. But the man who sat on the platform while he preached counted them, and there were five hundred and sixteen! The flower fadeth, and so do congregations when they are numbered.

No, we are not reaching the people as we should, and we discuss the matter every time we meet in conventions or in gatherings where two or three are assembled; and we try to console ourselves with the special blessing promised to two or three, and that it is better to preach to a few of the choicer kind than to a frivolous gallery and peanut crowd. Yet if the truth were told we would gladly give the few choice spirits a vacation for a time, just to enjoy the novelty of seeing the peanut assembly.

UNINTERESTING THEMES

Let me confess with my brethren a lack of variety in preaching. First, in the subjects on which we preach. There is, it is true but one great subject, the Gospel, but we do not teach our feet to walk the infinite number of paths which lead to it. There are eight tones to the scale, but Beethoven, Wagner and Mozskowski have hardly touched the hem of tone's garment. So with the gospel. When I stop to consider the narrow and limited themes of sermons, I wonder at the patience of people. There is one on Civic Reform, one on The Problem of Great Cities, The New Evangelism, Is the Church Losing Ground? etc. and so on. These are with changed names but a kind of repetition of other years, and of other men, whose statistics have been imbibed freely with that simple faith with which we are told to take the gospel.

These themes do not specially interest us any more than other sermons on Giant Trusts, The Corporate Menace, The Federation of Churches. Still we are the men walking in the woods and in a circle because we are lost; only the man in the woods does come round to a discovery of the fact, while many of us do not. I say the sermons are not vitally interesting to ourselves, and they have an old smell to our people.

PARKER AS A MODEL

To my mind Joseph Parker was the greatest preacher of the past two generations. But it is unsafe to imitate him or any other genius, as it was for the young minister of Vermont who copied the mannerisms of Talmage the first Sunday after hearing him, and lost his job without a dissenting voice before his parishioners left their seats.

At the same time it was not all genius with Joseph Parker; it was deep thought and hard work. For instance, he preached expository sermons as we know. But he put an agony of thought into those fifteen verses. He let the Bible lead him into new realms, rather than making the Bible follow his preconceptions. Once one of his deacons said, with a sigh, that they would all be glad when he had finished the book of Leviticus. Think of preaching through that book! But the man who did think of it found themes that astonished and refreshed his own mind; then the minds of his hearers. O the tropics and jungles never explored before as we read on in the Word of the Father's giving! One moment that great preacher would be denouncing the Prince of Wales as suggested by a verse on princes, so delicately that you did not know whether you were being asked to pray for his royal highness, or were assisting in stepping on his toes. At another moment this preacher would be bending over a baby's cradle with a sob and a passion that must have come, it would seem, from a mother's broken heart. I would claim that what we call genius was in part permitting God to lead him here and there, into kaleidoscopic visions and interpretations, which all of us can claim in lesser degree.

DON'T FORGET THE AVERAGE PERSON

We preach too much to that leading man in our church who has complimented us on the sermon on the city. Or we think about Mrs. Readall, the president of the woman's club who is so appreciative of our pleasant reference to the book she has been reading.

Yet there are, or should be, the stenographer, bookkeeper, mechanic, milliner, dry goods dealer, who do not care a rap about what we said of the city, and never heard of the book we so tactfully alluded to. These other people do not demand that we know stenography, or the latest system of bookkeeping, or that we should be able to trim a hat. (Ah me! If the creation of the milliner were no better done than some of our sermons, we would be excused for asking our women to remove their hats while we preached.) But these people have certain common human needs and ambitions and snags in their lives. Some of them have quit going to church and go to the theater or the baseball game, simply because their lives are full of hard things, and they want some fun. And we may have forgotten that gospel means good tidings. That it should have power to make crooked paths straight, and rough places smooth. So long as there are crooked ways and rough, there will be need of some one with definite and kindly—yes, sometimes severe—words to apply to these same conditions.

It may be well to read books, but O, how full and wonderful is life itself, when we are reminded of what it has as we read the Word. We attended the funeral of that mother who so marvelously bore up in fiercest fiery trial through her faith, but we did not think to speak of it, with all the tenderness of a first-hand experience. If we had, there would have been that peculiar hush which tells of quickly-beating hearts, and ears strained not to lose a word. Instead of that we said, "So-and-so says we need to suffer that we may learn to pity." I do not mean that we are simply to allude to things we have seen or known, or to spend fifteen minutes of a thirty-minute sermon in some harrowing description. But I mean the quick touch of real life, be it a boy at play, a man at work or singer with her song. It is the new sweet conception of life which has come to us as a revelation, with which we enter our pulpits, confident that we have something refreshing and strong.

TALK TO BE UNDERSTOOD

"And this leads me" to my second point: variety of expression. May God who made language forgive us for using it as we do. The other night I listened (but tried not to) to a long series of notices urging "other women" and myself to come to a ladies' meeting, and for little mission springs to spring to work, and I thanked God then and there, like the other Pharisee, that I had had at least one vision to keep me from mildewing a service with notices, a service in which were weary men waiting for a word. Think of spending five and ten minutes telling people about meetings and services which they all know about, in the same old way, and then asking for the "usual collection." The man would be lucky to get the hat back.

Speaking of Joseph Parker—can I ever forget the thrill when I saw and heard him as he rose to give the invocation? Perhaps I should not have been surprised if he had said, "Almighty God grant thy blessing upon us as we worship before thee." That would have been one of the expected things to say. Probably what I would have said. But he said:

> Holy Ghost with light divine
> Shine upon this heart of mine;
> Chase the shades of night away,
> Turn my darkness into day.

Wonderful. Just a well-known hymn used as the invocation prayer, and how impressive! Who told him of that? I say again, it was not so much genius as thoughtfulness. He took account of himself. He perhaps said: "Here is a waiting people. If I get up and say what ten thousand ministers will say, using the words 'blessing' and 'grant' and 'worship, and 'Almighty God', the people will be in the same attitude or more dull than when they came in, for I have done

the trite and expected thing. I will lead them onto the mountain at once." And he did.

We ministers often get tired of our own public prayers. We are hard put to it to know what to say next, and the result is that these prayers have such a sameness to them that the average worshiper does not know, when we are through, what we said, and is glad to have it over. That may sound irreverent, but it is true. Does that dignified theological professor ever pray "for these dear children who have come to the service this morning"? Perhaps he does. Do we ever ask God to —not "bless"—but "remember in love the toiler who has spent a week working for home and for God, and who needs some cheering word in this rest time"? Can't we manage somehow to throw overboard the sermonic nomenclature and talk right out what we mean as though we were with one at a time in the naturalness of the stroll or home conversation. Can we not appreciate the fact that new generations are coming along who are not familiar with terms used by Hodge or Shedd or the fellows who write on social matters?

EVERY DAY NEEDS TO BE MET

Here before us are all of life's problems: the man, the woman, the boy, the girl. They are not the city or town, but part of it. They are not the mayor or President, but citizens of the same country. And a heart-to-heart talk with them in a genial way, using words they use in daily life, and words we use when at home, when we say, "Please pass the butter," will do full as much good as to spend too much breath telling them what other people who are not present should do.

Just now some one is telling of a great English preacher who talks to his audiences in a conversational way. That is one test of the value of what he has to say, if it is worth the telling. A good many of our sermons if lowered down to a natural tone, and stripped of hysterical mannerisms, would be, as the sexton told the young preacher, "pretty poor stuff." We need to be interpreters for our fellows. They need to be shown how beautiful is daily work in shop or field. The housewife needs to be told over again that her oft repeated making of beds and setting of tables is not routine that palls, but is teeming with wonderful variety and promise as it becomes a part of new days with new hopes for husband and children and growing lives.

How many of us dare to take up such a theme as motherhood and the blessing and duty of it. But the expository preacher will some day come to Mary's Magnificat. Then he must preach on what one woman said when she knew of the coming crown. I knew of one preacher who before a great audience touched firmly, manfully yet graciously on that subject, and a bride went to her home, shut the door and sobbed out to her mother that she had had it revealed that she was a sinner in her rebellion against approaching motherhood. Years after this preacher was told that his sermon had made one home a place of joy and given it a new vision. Here we are, preachers, reaching middle and latter life, and for some the time almost up, and yet we have hardly touched the thousand and one themes, characters, birds, trees, flowers, the children, the homes, the beneficence of old laws, the books of Samuel, or the prophets. Shall we not get busy and be refreshed?

WHOLESOME COMPETITION

We know as preachers what we like to hear. Some of us are a trifle shy about going to church in vacation for fear we may hear some one who preaches as uninterestingly as we do. That does not rest us. We are to remember that every one is on a vacation when Sunday comes, and there is no law compelling them to go to church, when the parks are green, and the fields and woods are lovely. Really a man has to be pretty attractive with his thirdlies to gain a hearing when the birds sing, the bees hum or the automobiles chug along in their ungodly fashion. We cannot get people back by denouncing to those who sit meekly before us, those who have stayed away. A drop of honey will do more business with many than quarts of vinegar. That was Lincoln's suggestion.

Sometimes it is appalling to think of the attractions in books, papers and society which are wooing our people away, and we see how great are our limitations. But the least of us need not be discouraged, for there will to the end of days be a demand for the earnest Christ-loving man, who also loves his fellowmen, to stand up where they can see him, and to talk so that they can understand him, and tell them what God has been saying to his listening soul the past days. Nothing can take the place of that. You never hear even the most long-suffering laymen suggest that the Church be given up and the doors closed. No, they want it.

This is my plea then that we preachers form a resolution such as the Episcopalian people do as Lent approaches to "give up" something. That we will deny ourselves in the future, and not even give a notice till we have thought it over; that we will add a dignity to service by clarity and care of speech; that we will deny ourselves that favorite phrase, or word, or meaningless repetition by which they could identify us at midnight if we should chance to talk in our sleep. Not that we should lose our individuality —but the barnacles are not a part of the ship. When scraped off the ship sails faster and will the more soon come unto the desired haven.

Ourselves and the Men of the Haystack

Are We "a Very Different Sort"

BY ELLEN M. STONE

My subject is suggested by the ending of Dr. Arthur H. Smith's prayer, which was printed in the American Board's advertising space in a recent issue of *The Congregationalist*. It read thus:

> O Lord, we thank thee for the sublime faith of those young men who one hundred years ago dedicated themselves to the work of the world's evangelization, and who said, "We can if we will." We thank thee for this great American Board and all the other Boards which arose out of their faith. We recognize most heartily that thy blessing has been upon this work. We rejoice in the millions of souls saved in heathen lands, in the thousands of churches, schools, hospitals, orphanages and other Christian institutions which sprang up in the path of these men of the haystack. But, O Lord, we confess that we are not equal to these things. We acknowledge that we are tired of this work, and that we cannot give enough to carry it on. We admit before thee that we must ask the Board to destroy some of these missions and call the missionaries home. Lord, we are glad there were such men as Samuel J. Mills and his companions one hundred years ago, but we are a very different sort. Amen.

I believe that every truly Christian heart which felt the irony of Dr. Smith's "prayer," answered vehemently, "No, we are not 'a very different sort'; at least, we do not mean to be."

Ah, the trouble is just there. We never willfully set ourselves to forget the multitudes of ignorant, suffering, dying ones of the nations who know not God. We really *mean* in our hearts to be just as true to our Lord Jesus Christ as were those five splendid young men, from whose prayers under the haystack issued such potent agencies for good that the world has been opened to the gospel and great advance has been made in Christianizing many nations. We mean to be the men and women who, acting in the same faith and prayer as theirs, prove by our acts as well by our words, that "we can if we will," and we will, from love to him who is "not willing that any should perish."

"You'd better get busy, Mamma," said a sweet girl in our middle West, during one of the early spring months, "for I'm to be married in just six weeks!" "We did get busy, right busy," was her mamma's confession, "and we were ready, so that daughter could have been married the day before the day she had set, had she wished."

"Get busy," dear fellow-Christians, about our blessed Lord's business. Stop those soul-rending appeals which are coming from our mission stations—three to me this very week, from my own European Turkey Mission—because they have received the heart-breaking tidings of the decisions of the Prudential Committee of our American Board! The Lord's work cannot bear the curtailments ordered from home, without loss which our brothers and sisters at the front cannot endure to contemplate. Can we bear to let it go on?

The haystack men took God at his word, and started out upon his promises. Now, after one hundred years, all the world is open. The marvelous success of missionary work has staggered Christ's Church, in these later years, for a little; but if we are of the same sort as they, we shall rally immediately under Christ's banner, in which sign they and all who have followed them have conquered, and we, too, shall conquer. We have no right to sing:

> A glorious band, the chosen few
> On whom the Spirit came:
> . . . . . .
> O God, to *us* may grace be given,
> To follow in their train!

if we are to spend our days in easy self-indulgence, in heaping luxuries upon ourselves, and caring little for the other souls for whom Christ died. No, "the

times are waxing late." Multitudes of souls have passed from earth, "having never heard," while we have been dreaming that all is well.

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, and prove me now," sounds out our Lord's challenge. If we are of the very same sort as they who prayed in the rain, under the sheltering haystack, we who "happen to be of the Lord's poor," as a true woman said, who had given a whole day of attendance and praying, at a woman's missionary meeting, because she had little else than time and prayer to give, will bring as he hath prospered us; and they "who are rich in this world's goods," as he hath prospered them. What a gathering that will be!

A wealthy man was once importuned by his pastor to give to some good cause. Finally he said, as though to be rid of the good man's persistence, "I suppose I must give you the widow's mite!" A curious change swept over his pastor. With eager haste he spread upon the floor before the promised giver, his handkerchief, an extra one also which he found in a pocket, then his hat, and was proceeding to spread down his coat also, when the amazement of his parishioner found words: "What are you doing that for?" "Why you said that you would give me the 'widow's mite,' which was 'even all her living'; and I am preparing for it." It is needless to say that the conscience of the rich man was quickened, and he gave his pastor substantial aid.

"I hold that we are never giving anything to God until after we have given the tenth. We *owe* him that. What we give beyond that, we may call giving"; said a sweet-voiced Michigan woman, as two of us paced a forest path in lovely Biltmore, N. C., on a recent June day. Judged by this standard, how many of us are giving anything to our Lord?

These summer days, when some churches and even Sabbath schools are closed—are just the days when we must work with our might, if we are of the same sort as were those five young men in Williamstown; but if we thus work, we shall see not only the debt triumphantly lifted from the American Board, which is merely a medium honored by God, through which his churches are doing his work in other lands; and from the societies through which his churches are doing his work in our own blessed land—but also such grand surpluses of million dollar funds as shall insure a great advance in all work done in his name, throughout the world, from this time forward. Then shall our God march on "conquering and to conquer," while his children keep step with him!

"We can, if we will!" Are we of the same sort as they? Let us prove it and prove it now!

Back to the Field

The New Hope and Power that Came to a Wearied Worker

By Hester D. Jenkins

The heaven for height and the earth for depth, and the heart of man is unsearchable.

The train had passed Mustapha Pasha, and was hurrying on towards Constantinople. She had risen early, so as to confront the customs officer with a brow unadorned with curl papers. The perfunctory inquiry, "Anything dutiable?" and the poke into the neat little bags had taken place quickly. Her few possessions gathered together on the unmade bed, she shook out her dust-colored skirts, smoothed her neat shirt waist, and adjusted her round traveling hat before the strip of mirror, then seated herself on the adjustable seat by the window, and slowly drawing on her cotton gloves, watched the country spinning by.

It was now five o'clock; the train would be in at half past six. Only an hour and a half! The firm mouth set into firmer lines, and the shoulders straightened as though to meet a burden. They were in Turkey now. How natural it all looked—the railroad stations where officials in familiar uniforms, loungers in more familiar long collarless coats and fezzes hung about, the ragged porters with their cushionlike supports on their backs waiting for the trunks of chance passengers. The train whirled on through long stretches of country, little cultivated, neglected. Her soul rose up in longing for the mountains she had just left. The summer passed before her mental vision.

She had never cared about going to Switzerland. She regarded it as the playground for the nations, an out-of-doors Vanity Fair, not suited to a worker like her. But this spring she had grown unexpectedly tired with her work. There had been pains, a dizziness, the old trouble with her eyes, and a new ache in the back of her head. The mission doctor had said that she must have a complete change, and had suggested Switzerland, and the Board had said she must go. How unwillingly she had left it all—her Bible classes, her sewing class, her girls whom no one else understood so well as she. Who would look after old Mariamme all summer? and who would read to blind Bogos? In the school and the prayer meeting who would take her place? Ah, well, if it must be, God would provide, though it was not always easy to have the faith one longed for; works were easier. She had been bustled off, her scanty wardrobe packed by kind hands, and an extra gold piece or two slipped into her purse.

But although she had come to it thus grudgingly, how she had loved Switzerland! The peace of the great calm mountains had fallen like balm on her tired soul. The pain in her head gradually ceased, and the problems of the mission field seemed somehow to have grown smaller. The load she had so long carried slipped from her back like that from worthy Christian's shoulders.

In this high valley, face to face with the eternal snows, work seemed less important and faith more real. There was not a bit of the valley she did not love; the fields full of flowers that when she lay among them waved above her head like a forest of color and scent, the tall feathery pine trees, through whose needles the wind soughed soothingly, the beautiful little lake, iridescent and sparkling, whose lapping welcome the hurrying mountain streams were seeking, the simple village folk smiling and honest and toil-worn—these she loved with a deep love, while above all and beyond all, the strength of the hills blessed her. She felt guilty sometimes, when she thought of her perfect happiness in idleness, doing nothing for the Master. Then the beauty would rebuke her. Was it not God's beautiful world, which she had been sent to enjoy? O, the peace of the lonely wood, the repose of the lofty peaks!

The train slowed up as they passed San Stefano. Her mind returned abruptly to the journey. She was coming back to it—the continuous work, the teasing problems, the slight rewards, the long pains. Her mind revolted. Why had this hard, almost fruitless work been given her? Why had she ever accepted it? It was not that she had not known all about it before she offered herself to the Board; the loneliness, the uncongenial people, the exile from home with its books, its intellectual stimulus, its progress—the narrowness of the little circle of work and the heart-breaking ingratitude and weakness of those to whom they were giving such devoted services.

She could not plead ignorance. She was a missionary's daughter. Her dreamy, unchildlike childhood had been passed in the interior of Turkey. She had had no other children to keep her young; she had known no youthful sports. The hot plain on which she had lived had taken her strength, so that she was a sickly child. When at length she had been sent to America to be educated, her spirit had cried out in the rapture of relief, and she had made joyous plans for teaching at home when her college course should be finished. She never meant to be a missionary, the thought would have brought a shudder. One year she taught, then the blow fell. Her mother died, and her father alone and going blind, still would not give up the work to which he had devoted his life and his family. Then a clear light shone in upon her, she must go to him, she must become a missionary and work with and do for him, that was God's call to her.

And she went, cheerfully, almost eagerly. She had taken hold of the work with a passion born of the certainty that it was her work, and of the fascination which that country had exerted over even her forlorn childhood. When her father died, there had been no thought of leaving. Few passions are more absorbing than the passion for souls. She had not desired even vacations, and the pain in her head had found her reluctant to go to Switzerland, but had forced her.

Now, as she re-entered Constantinople, the love of her work seemed to have deserted her, and a cold dislike and fear of her return oppressed her. The train slowed up and stopped; she made her way along the platform to the men who

were examining passports, then to the customs house; her little luggage was soon passed, receiving the stamp and a liberal supply of glue. When she left the fine station that had been built by Europeans, she seemed to have left the last of her summer behind her.

A horrible blank came over her. Where was the eagerness for her once loved work? Where the sense that God had placed her there? What had the many years accomplished? Her father's brilliant mind grown dull over the restricting life, her mother's social nature, stifled in the Oriental town, her own life—what had they achieved? For a moment a wild, rebellious desire seized her to re-enter the train and be carried away to free lands and Western people. Her feet hesitated. Then a sickening sense of the impossibility of such a move caused her to stumble on again.

With the physical halt her mind pulled itself up, and she took herself sharply to task for her recreancy, telling herself that the mood would pass, and whether it did or not, she must go back to the field, having once put her hand to the plow. She set her teeth and pursued her way to the bridge. The walk was a horror to her, dirt, stench, narrow crowded sidewalks, the occasional elbow driven into her ribs, which it so often amuses the Turk to inflict upon the lone Christian woman in the streets, the horrid beggars without hands, without feet, without noses, deformed, loathsome, the lean, wolf-like, mangy dogs, more disgusting in their tameness than if they had been wild creatures, suggesting a once fierce race degraded by the vices of civilization. A slight rain had made the stones of the street slippery with greasy mud. And the faces about so familiar, yet so foreign, dark, black-bearded, sometimes hook-nosed, sinister, sometimes smooth and coldly bland—were these her people? Must she come back to them? What had she in common with them? Why should she give her life to them? She clutched her cotton umbrella and followed the porter who was carrying her bags.

Her journey was not ended, a boat would take her a day longer, and then there would be a wagon journey. She sighed with weariness. The porter led her aboard a dilapidated boat and into a dark, tobacco-smoked general cabin, and depositing her bags, held out a dirty hand for his fee. She sat down on the high seat, her feet dangling. Darkness seemed to settle over her soul. A loathing of all that faced her held her spirit as in a vice.

. . . . . .

She did not know how long she had sat thus blind and deaf, lost in her blank despair. The noises of the quay fell on her ear unheeded, even the nasal call of the muezzin from the minaret of Yeni Jami was unheard. But his last words entered her consciousness as she was aroused by the entrance into the cabin of an elderly Turk. He was an iman (priest) to judge by the white turban around his fez. His smooth, oval face had a pleasant expression and his deep eyes were full of a mystical light. With quiet, reposeful movements, and with no consciousness of her presence in his manner, he spread out his little prayer rug in a corner of the cabin, and kneeling bowed his head upon his outstretched hands.

She was alive now and interested, the horrible blankness had passed away.

A second man entered, a workman, who laid down a tattered bit of rug, spread his horny hands beside his ears, and fell forward to the floor. A third and a fourth followed, unconscious of the stranger, unconscious of each other, murmuring words of prayer as they knelt in the sacred position and bowed before their Lord.

Prayer! they could pray, then, these Moslems whom she had been regarding as beings almost in another world from herself. They, too, needed God, and strove to enter his presence. A wave of feeling rushed over her. She was not ignorant of the formalism that so often nullifies the prayer of the Oriental, nor the slight influence that his ceremonial devotions make on his life; she knew even that the call to prayer finds but too few to respond; she only felt that she was no longer a stranger in a strange land, she was at home, in her father's country, among her father's people. "God is One, my God and their God."

These were souls in prayer, souls akin to her own. In shame at her loathing, in contrition at her want of faith, she turned her face to the wall and prayed to the Lord of all mankind. "Allah is great!" called the high Moslem tones of the muezzin. "Allah is One! To prayer! To prayer!" The words of the muezzin, the murmur of the praying men about her, the sight of their rapt faces brought her a peace deeper than the peace of the mountains, and in an ecstasy of soul, she lost herself in the infinite spirit.

The Witness of Nature

BY PROF. EDWARD S. PARSONS, COLORADO COLLEGE

Nature is a witness, faithful and truth-telling, to the reality of the great law of life to which the apostle gave utterance in the words, Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. No law of God's universe can be broken without inevitable punishment following: He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption. Moreover no law of God's universe can be obeyed without inevitable blessing following: He that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap eternal life. God makes himself "an awful rose of dawn" before every man. Nothing is more real and more verifiable than the inviolability of law and the grandeur and awfulness of its judgments.

But nature is a witness, faithful and truth-telling, to the reality of an even greater law of life. A tree falls to the ground, charred and black, in the midst of the desolation which a forest fire leaves behind it. Day by day, year by year, the showers descend upon it, the frosts break it apart, the fungi sprout from it, the delicate mosses and dainty ferns weave their scarf of green about it, until it becomes one of the most exquisite of nature's things of beauty that rejoice the human heart. Then little by little it crumbles away, becoming a long heap that yields and crunches under the tread and at last is buried out of sight altogether under the forest carpet of green.

So in nature not only is there a law of penalty, but there is also a law of redemption. In the forest, on the mountain side, on the ocean shore, in the human body, yes, too, in the human spirit, the great healing ministry goes on. The green covers the ugliness the fire and the storm have wrought; the blood corpuscles close the wound and knit the broken bone; the snowflakes infold the headstone of a human grief; "the gradual patience" falls, "flake by flake, healing and hiding the scar" which sorrow and sin have left behind.

But if this healing ministry is to work its perfect work, the individual nature must yield itself up to the universal nature. Submission is the law of redemption. The log rests passive under the activities of the rain and the frost. The scarred mountain makes no resistance to the silent, onward march of the forces of life in grass blade and moss and lichen and tiny tree. And the soul that would find the joy of a redeemed life, would feel the tide of a new energy rising and swelling within, would see a divine beauty hiding the ugliness which sin has wrought, must first discover what it is to yield itself to the action of the divine forces, to find the will and the law of God and learn to give itself up completely to its sway.

The Kind of Church for a Great City

After describing minutely in *The World's Work* the new $10,000,000 Episcopal Cathedral now building in New York, the fourth in size among the world's cathedrals, Robert Ellis Jones speaks of the usefulness of such a structure:

Call it the "institutional" church, or the "free" church, as you will, the noble work of Dr. Rainsford at St. George's has shown that the church of the future can only be the *people's* church, which brings us to the primary definition of a cathedral, "A house of prayer for all people." The change that has come over church life and method demands its crown and culmination in a great central fane, free as the canopy of heaven.

Let me ask those who really know New York, its actual facts and modes of life, the enormous growth which is inevitable, and the ever-deepening difficulty of the struggle for life, "Is the old-fashioned church, with its one minister and its five hundred highly respectable people assembled on Sunday morning, level to the need and sin and struggle of the coming city?" What proportion of the people can afford to rent pews now, what proportion will in the future be able to? Fifty per cent. of the Protestants in New York are unattached to any church. The percentage of pew-holders is ridiculously small. The increasing cost of living will yearly enhance the proportion of those who cannot afford a settled church connection, with its multitudinous financial demands. The prophetic fact as to New York is the *apartment house*, the individual dwelling is doomed, barely five hundred were built in all New York last year, but flats for thirty families spring up like mushrooms. The old-fashioned church cannot reach apartment dwellers.

They must be handled in larger, nobler, kindlier ways, religion must be brought home to them as the mightiest of the forces which surge through the city which fascinates and consumes them. So far New York knows nothing of the power of the common worship of great assemblies, and the average New Yorker cannot be made to recognize religion as a paramount force while he sees four times more people at the Hippodrome than are ever gathered in the largest church. The spiritual needs of New York are not met by old-fashioned agencies. The free church, which copes with them with considerable success, suggests the lines of future effort. The apartment house prophesies difficulties which will put a still heavier load upon the working church. The cathedral in its human inclusiveness, a grand charity of public worship, meets the situation more fully than any other remedy that has been proposed and is the direct outcome of the city's needs.

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The Home and Its Outlook

Convolvulus

BY HARRIET BALL THORPE

Draw close the shutters! He has fallen asleep,
Though still the rose of dawn blooms in the sky!
The day is young for weariness, yet I
Half envious regard that slumber deep.

Twined in the small and listless hand, a spray
Of wild convolvulus lies tenderly;
Pathetic emblem of his destiny,
Asleep upon the threshold of the day!

O morning glory, tender, short-lived flower!
What tints of dawn have filled thy chalice up!
How early, early closed the opal cup
That hides them till the resurrection hour!

Thine the soft mists that meet the morning sky,
The songs of happy birds were thine to know,
The dews that bend the slender grasses low,
The feet of joyous children loitering by.

And thine, dear Child, were thoughts of purest joy,
The "clouds of glory" clung about thee still:
Life's prison-house had cast no gloomy chill
Upon thy fresh young spirit—happy boy!

Then sleep, sweet flower, and child beloved sleep on,
Our Morning Glory, passed so soon away!
Lord give us strength to bear the lagging day,
And patience still, if thus Thy will be done!

Hot Weather Comfort

THE experiences of heat and weariness are to some extent under the control of the will. C. L. Hyde, in the article on A Spiritual Vacation, which we print this week, goes to the root of the matter, of course—it is at last a question of the reality of our trust in God. Yet "Casting all our cares upon him," may be the most empty of phrases, or the most vivid of realities. Even faith is to be made practical in a world of material things and with reference to definite and usually well-known relations of cause and effect; and faith in one aspect of it is a consecration of the will. It comes back to us, therefore, in co-operation with God, to command our forces in these trying days of summer so that they shall be most efficient at the least cost of heat and weariness. A real trust in God eliminates worry, but it also calls for self-command and economy of power. There is, for instance, the art of moving quietly, which counts for much in comfort and efficiency when the sun is hot. Some of us are worn out by a spendthrift energy which can do nothing without fuss and flurry. To be efficient gently is one of the finest and most cooling of the arts. Then there is the Christianity of clothes and diet. That woman who went to her work this sultry morning in a crimson stuff gown has no one but herself to blame (unless, indeed, she had no other) if she is cross all day and too tired to sleep at night. And every fellow-worker will feel hotter for her sultry garb. We doubt if even sorrow justifies a Christian woman who believes that "death is gain" in wearing close fitting black garments to hard work. As for those who eat in August as if they were ditch-diggers in December—they must expect to fry with the fat and sweat with the sweet, while the delusion of "cooling drinks" ought not to catch even a schoolgirl of good common sense. To move quietly, avoid excess of diet, dress appropriately—all this and much more which the experiences of our readers will suggest, is helping God to carry the cares which he has asked us to cast upon him.

Manners in the Home

LITTLE DAVID ALLISON, in Margaret Deland's The Awakening of Helena Richie, said of his manners, "I have them in my head; but I only use them sometimes." In this he is quite typical not only of many children but also of too many parents of our time. It requires a motive to bring out their politeness, just as it requires an initial bit of special energy to set the machinery of some motor cars at work. But true courtesy seemingly is motiveless; it comes into action with the spontaneity of life, not with the conscious click and jar of machinery. Bayard, the model of all knights, does not become polite with a conscious interval, he is polite, not merely "in his head" but in his whole nature. The habit of consideration—which is the essence of politeness—has become as instinctive as any other of the habits which we never have to think about or plan for because they act in independence of our conscious will. Now David Allison was not a hopeless case, because he was still a child and had a huge capacity for love. But most of us would like our children to have the instinctive rather than the deliberate habit of polite consideration for the rights and feeling of others. Is there any better way of securing it than continual and unfailing politeness in the home? Children learn from manner, however they may pierce through it to sincerity or insincerity, and any home where good and gentle manners are reserved for company is no good training ground for the Bayards of the future.

A Spiritual Vacation

BY C. L. HYDE

It was a warm Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Carter was lying on her bed upstairs, where she had gone for that hour of rest which she had been anticipating all the week. She had not dared to remove a single garment—too great the danger of a sudden call.

The call came before she had closed her eyes. Willie could not find his Sunday school paper and wanted Mamma to read it to him. Some confectionery bought Mary for reader and Willie's acquiescence.

Then she lay down again. Her eyes hurt as she closed them, it seemed such a violation of their established custom. And they flew open and she flew down stairs, at the sound of a fall and a shriek. Constance had merely rocked over backwards and was more scared than hurt, but only Mamma could soothe her.

One more attempt. This time the baby woke just as her tired muscles relaxed in utter weariness; and instantly the unsleeping mother-instinct brought her back to duty. She took the baby onto the bed beside her—and cried. No, she only tried to cry. Her eyes seemed parched and dry. She could not close them again.

There was a union open-air service at sundown in the park and she took all the children, thinking the outing might relieve their Sunday restlessness. The day had been hot, but the evening brought coolness and calm. On the grass behind the seats mother and children arranged themselves, where they would be most free and least observed.

The preacher was a visiting minister, his text, "Casting all your care upon Him for He careth for you," his subject, A Spiritual Vacation. She paid but slight attention till he began to describe a tired mother. Sympathetic voice and accurate portrayal touched one responsive cord, then another and another, till she had to bend her head to conceal the tears. Then he offered a spiritual vacation.

"Vacation from work? No. Vacation from children? No. Vacation from home? No. Vacation from care? Yes!

"You say it is not possible? But, dear mother, it is possible. The strain you are under is killing you. Then who will care for those little ones? Let the Master take your load, relieve the strain. You almost laugh at my simple ignorance? But I have seen it done. I came but yesterday from a home where it is being done daily. The mother is a farmer's wife, with six small children, and work enough for three women. I asked her how she did it and did it so easily and cheerily. She told me she had been laid upon a sick bed by her load once, when she didn't know how to take a spiritual vacation. Her life was despaired of. Courage, faith, hope, love, health, all gone. She had become so cross she was often cruel. Sometimes she almost enjoyed another's pain—even the suffering of a child of her own. She had been urged to take a vacation. But she couldn't leave the home, and they had no funds to spare for relief that could be hired.

"One night as she lay awake thinking of all the work and the children and her utter helplessness, the words of our text came to her so clearly that she turned to see if the neighbor who was watching had spoken. Apparently not, so she dozed a little when she was suddenly awakened by another repetition of our text. She felt sure this time that some voice spoke the words, and asked the nurse if she spoke, or if any one had spoken. But no voice had been heard by the nurse. When the third invitation came, she seemed wide-awake, and she felt sure her Lord was bidding her cast all her care upon him. She accepted instantly and fully. It was just what she wanted and she took it. She dropped off to sleep.

"In the morning her gain was amazing. Within a week she seemed stronger and healthier than ever before. Nothing wearied her. Nothing annoyed her. She told me she simply could not describe how happy and strong she felt. And she asked me to offer to tired mothers a spiritual vacation, such as she had herself enjoyed."

Mrs. Carter had not dared look up once. As the service closed, she gathered her flock to depart, but all the way the mes-

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sage of the sermon gathered strength in her heart. It was with her when she woke to her Monday morning work, which now she was able to face without the added weight of worry. Day after day she proved it—not without forgettings and relapses into the trials of self-borne care and worry. But the end was peace and she too has learned the serenity of soul which comes of trust in God for common things.

The Rights of Single-Sticks

BY GRACE WILLIS

"I'm just as cross as I can be," snapped Miss Louise, with an unusual glint in her mild blue eyes. "Even if I *am* a single-stick I have *rights!*"

Miss Louise seldom speaks her mind in so emphatic a manner but, when she does, there is always something said that is well worth hearing.

"What do you think they are insisting on my doing now?" she demanded.

"They" includes several married brothers and sisters, with their respective wives and husbands, and one fond, widowed aunt.

"When I thought I was to have two blissful weeks all alone," she continued, "they have suddenly put their united foot down and won't allow it, because they think I will be *lonely!* As if I didn't covet the chance! And so I must either spend the two weeks at Genevieve's—and those four noisy boys in the house!—or I must have Barbara's two rampageous girls come and stay with me. Of the two evils, I'd choose the girls, but if I do, I shall have to spend all my time cooking and baking for them and keeping the house straight, when I wanted to do so many things for myself. Why can't an old maid ever be selfish and just stay by herself without somebody interfering?"

"Yes, I know," she went on, "that it's just pure kindness and thoughtfulness" (I have my own doubts on that score; I think 'they' want to feel comfortable themselves, unwilling that any one should hint of neglect toward their sister), "and it seems ungrateful of me not to want their kindness, but I do like to manage for myself. Now there's this matter of being alone; I'm sure I am not so fond of a clatter and gab as the girls are. I like myself for company sometimes, and I'm not lonely the minute the crowd has gone, but they think they know. But there, I needn't be so snappy about it."

Miss Louise loves the delicious routine of keeping a tiny house in order, with housekeeping to do for but one, and now and then an extra plate for a choice friend or lonely neighbor, with plenty of leisure for her pet interests and philanthropies. But of the endless, never-finished work of a large house, with many people to care for, she wearies unspeakably. Her lot is cast in a quiet niche and she does not like to be rudely shaken out of it because others, in a busier sphere, think every life must be cast in the same mold. She loves to be let alone and to have her own way about unimportant matters of her own, but she is constantly disturbed. "Aunt Pearson," with whom she lives, often goes on Friday nights to Boston to to spend Sunday with her son's family, and Miss Louise has many a time begged her to steal away quietly and unannounced so that the busy chaperons might not have an opportunity to get to work and provide company for the lone, unprotected niece.

"And there is the matter of making decisions for myself," she continued. "Cora's husband is away most of the time and she decides for herself about lots of things, *because she is married.* But because I am *not*, they all get their heads together and decide for me whenever there is anything up. If I am so preposterous as to have a mind of my own they are grieved and think I don't appreciate their kindness, especially if I finally follow my own inclination, and that makes me uncomfortable, of course. If I follow their advice I often regret it, but then it is too late. To be sure, I like to have the opinions of my brothers and brothers-in-law on matters of business, but when that is given I really think I am old enough to know for myself what I want to do."

"Then, they won't believe that anybody could be so foolish as not to want to emulate their shining examples and get married! So they contrive, and scheme, to throw me into the company of every 'fine young man.' They make it impossible for me to be even naturally polite because their attempts on my behalf are so pointed and apparent. So I act like a bear to each one in turn, and get scolded for it. I would really enjoy the company of these 'fine young men' if my self-appointed chaperons would let me alone. Now there are callings and callings, and mine is the calling of single blessedness. They are thankful, I suppose, for the joys of married life, while I am thankful to have escaped its trials. That I have a place of my own, with its responsibilities and pleasures, they will hardly seem to believe, but treat me like an unprotected left-over."

Miss Louise drew a long breath of relief at having thus freed her mind, and looked very thoughtful for a minute.

"Jane," she declared, "I'm going to rebel. I'll telephone Genevieve that I am not coming, and Barbara that I don't want the girls, and you shall come and stay with me, and we will have a jolly time by ourselves, we two single-sticks!"

And I, Jane, went.

The Life Natural

Overhead the leaf-song, on the upland slope;
Over that the azure, clean from base to cope;
Belle the mare beside me, drowsy from her lope.

Goldy-green the wheat field, like a fluted wall
In the pleasant wind, with waves that rise and fall,
"Moving all together," if it "move at all."

Shakspere in my pocket, lest I feel alone,
Lest the brooding landscape take a sombre tone;
Good to have a poet to fall back upon!

But the vivid beauty makes the book absurd:
What beside the real world is the written word?
Keep the page till winter, when no thrush is heard!

Why read Hamlet here?—what's Hecuba to me?
Let me read the grain-field; let me read the tree;
Let me read mine own heart, deep as I can see.

—*Edward Rowland Sill.*

Tangles

56. TRANSPOSITION

From streets dim and dun, where the butchers, the ONE,
And the candlestickmakers their work have begun,
He flies to the shore, just to hear the surf roar,
As it TWO on the rock, or the smooth, sandy floor.
Mid heather and THREE, by a shadowy tree,
He can lie at his ease, and look over the sea;
Where the far-away ships go on mystical trips,
And the FOUR, or shearwater, takes numerous dips.
Young athletes, we know, with their cheeks all aglow,
Will be tossing their FIVE in the village below;
He smiles at their glee, but exclaims, "Let me be!
O, I sighed for the sea, and the sea-side for me!"

M. C. S.

57. DISGUISED GEOGRAPHY

(Each geographical name is contained within the limits of one word of the puzzle. How many can you find?)

I have seen all sorts of persons here, adventurers from Rhodesia in napless coats, cowboys with their Winchesters, missionaries who have been converting heathens, Assyrians, Indians, Italians from the shadow of the Campanile, canny Scots from Biantyre, Russians with their machinations against the Jews, one old Jew who might be the prophet Ezekiel, bachelors, and those enjoying connubial bliss, students from Oberlin college who remained over the term, thus destroying their hopes of a degree, a spinster named Aspasia in chrome yellow gloves, an old couple who might be Priam and Hecuba, whom one could not rouse from their perusal of old Greek books, children from every climate maturing here under unnatural conditions, and lastly an old Swedenborgian from Sweden.

DOROTHEA.

58. PIECED-UP KNOWLEDGE

A little word—you often speak it;
Two letters—in your home you'll seek it.
Now add another; on the floor
It's apt to be, or on the table—
A useful thing to have in store;
Pray test its virtue if you're able.
A third—your bosom friend you see;
Another yet; and you'll agree
The word's the same one as the first—
Familiar, yet not used as erst.
The middle letter of the five
If you'll just double (not to bore you),
Quite sure, my friend, as you're alive,
You'll find the universe before you;
And with one letter more prefixed,
Men's knowledge of it read—much mixed.

E. D. K.

59. A DEN OF LIONS

1. The lion farthest from the sun. 2. A lion Rockefeller hasn't seen yet. 3. An uncoined lion. 4. A floral lion. 5. The lion that landed on Parnassus. 6. The lion of ancient Troy. 7. The rich man's lion. 8. A lion in a window. 9. A lion for royal ease. 10. An ancient mountain lion. 11. The lion nearest the sun. 12. The lion that brought a statue to life. 13. The lion that caused the Civil War. 14. A ragged lion. 15. A red lion.

M. W. B.

NILLOR'S PRIZE

Nillor may now claim the champion tough lot! A Massachusetts clergyman said of it that "the one who wins the prize will earn his money," and we are sure that this was found true. The prize was tempting enough to arouse the efforts of many a reader, yet only one has ventured to submit his results. This lot of answers is not perfect—the guesses at 48 and 51 being far from correct—but it is the best received, and it entitles E. H. Pray, Maple Street, Chelsea, Mass., to the prize offered.

ANSWERS

52. Man, I rush anon at Surinam.
53. Discourage.
54. $2.62½.
55. Steps.

A Pair of Americans

BY SYDNEY DAYRE

Two boys played together in great glee one morning in a suburban park in one of the smaller German cities. They had driven by the day before, having peeps at such wonderful and curious things that they begged to be allowed to visit it.

"All by ourselves," said Lyle, "so that we can stay just as long as we please, and nobody to say, 'Hurry on, boys.'"

"And take our lunch," said Alexander.

"I can surely trust you to keep out of mischief?" said Mother.

"Sure, Mother."

"And that you will be polite and gentlemanly to every one you may see?"

"Of course, Mother."

She had put it questioningly, but without much doubt in her own mind. The boys were fair specimens of their country, not any better, not any worse, than many of their young compatriots. But underneath such faults and virtues as they possessed lay a stratum of kind feelings which had been taught to blossom out in graceful manners and eyes alert in perceiving opportunities for kindness. When to this was added a habit of strict obedience, it may not be wondered at that Mother was willing to trust her little men for a day by themselves in a safe place.

They walked among glowing flower beds, and statues by the score, at first looking up with awe at the life-like faces.

"A hundred years old and more, some of them," said Lyle, much impressed.

"If only they could tell us what they have seen. Poor old things," with a caressing pat on a foot, "how tired they must be of standing here all the time."

"I should think that fellow's arm would ache, holding that heavy shield."

"And what a twist in his back that one must have, always on one foot and holding out that great spear— There's that lady yet."

They had returned in their wanderings where a lady was seated on a bench. An hour before they had seen her as another woman and a man had left her. The lady herself was dressed not nearly so finely as the boys' mother usually was, but the man was really splendid in some kind of uniform. He had bowed low when he went away.

Yes, she was still there, but not as before, smiling to herself and seeming well content. Every few minutes she would leave her seat and walk about a little, looking anxiously this way and that as if expecting some one.

As the boys grew more familiar with their surroundings, enjoyment got the better of their awe. They played hide-and-seek among the statues and queerly-clipped trees. They stood watching a comical fat face among other comical things in a fountain, running back with shrieks of suppressed laughter when, as if fully intending it, the foaming jaws sent out a spurt which reached them. They ran in and out of a maze of hedges and climbed steps in grottoes in which were half hidden rare bits of carved figures.

But as they passed and repassed the lady they could see that her anxiety increased.

"Something's the matter," said Alexander.

"Oughtn't we to ask if we can help?"

"How can we, when we know so little German?"

"I think we might try. She isn't so *very* pretty—not like mother"—

"Sh!" said Alexander, severely.

"She can't understand."

"No—but folks are so kind of helpless when they can't understand. It's like hitting a smaller fellow."

"That's so," said Lyle. "Well, if father was here what do you suppose he would do?"

"I think he'd go up to her with his hat in his hand and say: 'Madam, I am sorry to see you seem in some trouble. I would like to help you.'"

"Just so," said Lyle, "but he couldn't do it in German."

"Yes. But—what would mother expect *us* to do?"

"Speak to her, I suppose."

"Well, do it. And be sure you bow low, just as that big soldier fellow did. She acted as if she's used to it. The Germans are always so polite."

"Aren't Americans?"

"Well, not just that way. They don't bow and smile and all that."

"But I've heard folks say," said Lyle, loyally bent on standing up for his country, "that when it comes to the real thing of being kind and polite you find Americans always ahead."

"Of course that's so—but—when you have the real thing to start out with"—Alexander busied himself straightening a drooping diminutive American flag which hung in one of his button holes, while he struggled with the expression of what was on his mind. "The bows and the scrapes are like—frills, don't you see? Like mother's dress, now. It's nice clear up to the top, but how would she look if she didn't have on her lace collar and puffy and dangling things about her neck?"

Lyle was willing to waive the frill question, "If we're going to do anything we'd better do it."

"What's 'help,' anyway, in German? You say something, Lyle."

"No, you're the oldest. *Retten* means something like help. And I know *unglücklich* means unhappy, and that's the same as being in trouble. Go ahead. String out a lot of words—half the time German doesn't sound as if it meant much."

Alexander turned towards the lady, who by this time was smiling as if no thought of trouble ever came near her.

"*Bitte*"—

"Bow low, Lyle." Alexander doubled himself up as he whispered,

"*Bist du unglücklich*"?—

"'*Sie*,' goose," said Lyle. "You never say '*du*' to ladies."

"O!—*Bitte—sind sie* unglücklich? (What's 'can,' anyway?)"

"I don't know. Say it in English."

"*Can du ich retten—Madam—Frau*"—

The lady smiled still more broadly as Alexander floundered and stammered. Her voice was sweet and pleasant as, inviting them to a seat beside her, she contrived, between motions and carefully chosen German words, helped on once in a while by an English one, to let them know that she had sent away on errands the people who had been with her, and as they had not returned she feared they might have lost their way, as they were strangers in the town.

She walked about with them, always taking care not to go far from her seat. She laughed and chatted, very kindly ignoring the undertones in which the boys held consultations as to what German word to use, and appearing to understand all they said so readily as to raise to a high point their opinion of their German.

Lunch time approached and the boys were hungry. Alexander motioned his brother behind a near-by rock in order to discuss the situation.

"She doesn't seem to have any lunch. Do you suppose it would do to offer her some of ours?"

"Well, anyway, she couldn't help knowing we meant it all right. And she's not a bit the sniffy kind."

The proffer of lunch was charmingly received and a merry time was had over it. Some time after it a policeman came their way, and the lady wrote something and gave him. An hour later the tall man in uniform appeared, bowing lower than before, if that were possible.

The other lady soon came also, and then their new friend asked the boys if they, having shared their lunch, would go to dinner with her, promising that she would send them home afterwards. The two gladly accepted the invitation.

The hotel dinner was a fine one, and fully enjoyed by our little Americans. The tall man, however, did not sit down with them, but stood behind the lady's chair all the time, and the other lady sat at a different table, at which the boys wondered.

There were pleasant, cordial good-bys, and the tall man took them to the "*pension*." Mother received a full account of the day's adventure.

A week later our Americans were in a smaller town. In the valley lay the quaint crowding of red-roofed houses, while the neighboring mountain was crowned by a castle belonging to one of the hereditary princes of the country.

Walking with their mother through the narrow, crooked streets, the boys were interested in the approach of two carriages with liveried coachmen and footmen.

"Why! why!"— all of a sudden exclaimed Lyle, "that's our lady of the park"—

"Sh! sh!" said Alexander, as the boy's clear treble rose above the little hum of the crowd.

"But I say 'tis," asserted Lyle, as the lady quickly turned at sound of the voice.

"My little American boys," she said in German. "Where are you staying?"

In his glow of surprise and pleasure Alexander contrived to tell.

"*Die Furstin*," "*die Furstin*," was murmured about them and they could see hats go off on every side as the ladies passed down the street.

The next day a uniformed servant came to the house and brought a letter to Mother.

"This is a letter from the lady you met in the park," she said. "She is the princess who lives up in the castle."

"Ho"—deep breaths of astonishment. "Why, Mother, she's just like any lady."

"She tells me she was pleased at having met you. She writes English about as well as I do."

"What!"—

"Then she understood all our talk that we thought she couldn't."

"O—my!"

"I am sure," said Mother, "that my boys would not say anything believing it not understood, that they would wish unsaid." Alexander's brow wrinkled in a painful effort of memory.

"I don't really believe we did—anything really out of the way, you know." Then laughing, he added, "but it seems so funny, the way we muddled up our German. Now I know why she laughed so often."

"I dare say it was not out of the way," said Mother, "for the princess writes to invite you to spend the day with her."

Here was amazement. It was a sober pair of boys who, next morning, with a brilliant servant before and two behind, were driven up to the castle on the hill.

Lyle told his mother of their day's experiences.

"It's as big as a big hotel, only all straggled out different ways and stone walls all about, and a lot of folks bowed to us when we got there. And they have cannons just like a fort, and a chapel all to themselves, only they let other folks go there. There's great stone galleries like tunnels, and towers that go 'round and 'round on stone steps to get to the top. And the princess has two boys and a girl and one of the boys slapped the girl and I sniffed at him and said, 'Hit a girl,' and he picked up a handful of gravel and threw at me and a man that's their schoolteacher and doesn't teach any one else made him beg my pardon, and I hated it. And when we came away the princess gave us these."

Both boys exhibited with pride a little pin showing a picture of the castle.

"And she said," added Alexander, "that she likes American boys and that if we ever come to Germany again she hopes we'll come and see her."

Closet and Altar

THE DUTY OF ENCOURAGEMENT

Wherefore lift up the hands that hang down and the palsied knees; and make straight paths for your feet, that that which is lame be not turned out of the way, but rather be healed.

As ships meet at sea, a moment together, when words of greeting must be spoken, and then turn away into the deep, so men meet in this world; and I think we should cross no man's path without hailing him, and, if he needs, giving him supplies.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Retribution may come from any voice; the harshest, the cruelest, most imbruted urchin at the street corner can inflict it; surely help and pity are rarer things—more needful for the righteous to bestow. —*George Eliot.*

It may be little we can do
To help another, it is true;
But better is a little spark
Of kindness when the way is dark,
Than one should miss the way to heaven
For lack of light we might have given.
—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

You may do much harm by indiscreet praise and by indiscreet blame; but remember, the chief harm is always done by blame.—*John Ruskin.*

None so weak that he cannot give
The hand that may help a soul to live
And rise again from the trodden clay!
Splendid achievements may never be yours.
But the deed that for love's sake is done endures.
And will blossom forever from day to day.
—*L. M. Montgomery.*

Christ delivered men by rekindling their hope. That is how we must deliver them, following humbly in his steps. By tenderness, by patience, by sympathy, that is how sinners are converted and the faithless are made faithful. This is the note of the prophetic office. This is the prophetic temper and the prophetic spirit. Where these are not, let us turn away and seek them elsewhere, even at the very fountainhead of compassion and truth.—*Alfred Ainger.*

Because Thou hast sustained me, I stand fast, O God, my Rock and my Defense, and shall I not, whom Thou hast helped, bring help to others? Give me something of Thy love which denied not Thine own Son for man's redemption, Thy patience which endures our blind refusals and denials, Thy sympathy and joy in aid. Let not my failures become a stumbling block to any, or my example lead in the downward way. With my whole heart I desire to bring courage to my struggling brothers, to help them in their need, to show them where the Source of strength is to be found. Let me not fail in this great joy, O God, or miss the companionship of Christ in sympathy and service. So enlarge my soul in giving, that I may give the more; and let my courage grow by the courage I impart. In his name. Amen.

Harvard Summer School of Theology

A Country Pastor's Estimate

BY REV. WILLIAM F. WARREN, WALPOLE, N. H.

In an address to the students of the summer school President Eliot regretted that ministers are not as eager as scientists, business men and others for the latest discovered facts and the newest thought. However true this may be of some preachers, it is not true of those in attendance upon the 1906 session of Harvard Summer School of Theology, which closed its fortnight's session last Saturday. Here is a body of men and women, ministers and teachers, intent upon keeping abreast of the best religious scholarship of the time. Here we may take our bearings with a view to learning whither our religious conceptions are leading us, comparing our own thinking with the larger trends of Christian thought. It is essential to the prophet that he know the direction of the prophetic stream. If he think it is setting backward, when in fact it is moving forward, he is liable to prophesy of past events and antiquated ideas, instead of showing the "things which must shortly come to pass."

For myself, one important benefit of the session of the school just closed was the opportunity to get the points of view of eminent scholars, each of whom gave us in a few lectures the principal results of years of study of the progress of Christian thought and life in some particular historic period and of the great interpreters of that period. Seventy of us, representing a dozen different denominations, sat at the feet of Professors McGiffert, Toy, Moore, Emerton, Fenn and James, who treated in turn some period or phase of the general subject, The Origin and Development of Christian Theology. Availing himself of such instructors the busy pastor has a large amount of studying done for him in addition to what he has time to do for himself, and at the same time he is stimulated to increased desire for reading, and guided in the selection of the literature of the subjects in which he is interested.

To some of us there come other benefits. President Eliot says that the late Prof. Henry Drummond told him, and repeated the same to some one across the water, that he had found Harvard, contrary to his expectations based upon previous information, to be the most religious college in America. Whatever may be true as to religious conditions in Harvard College, some of those who come to the Summer School of Theology find along with intellectual enlargement a quickening of the spiritual sense.

Some of us believe too, that the school helps us to renew our youth. True, we cannot keep back the gray hairs, we cannot stifle the cry of some of the churches for a young man, but we can avoid the worst of all calamities which sometimes befalls old and young alike—that of getting out of date. Swedenborg says that "those who are in heaven are continually advancing to the springtime of life." In a word he says, "To grow old in heaven is to grow young." If this be true, it must be because in heaven they are always getting a larger vision.

Academic Degrees

SUPPLEMENTARY LIST

LL. D.

Mowry, Wm., Hyde Park, Mass.,	Whitman
Smith, Rev. Arthur, China,	Whitman

D. D.

Betteridge, Prof. W. R., Rochester University,	Rochester Univ.
Reynolds, Geo. W., So. Manchester, Ct.,	Redfield
Davis, Ozora S., New Britain, Ct.,	Iowa
Woelfkin, Cornelius, Brooklyn, N. Y.,	Rochester Univ.

The Willing Spirit*

By Rev. A. E. Dunning

The Sabbath entertainment by the Pharisee at which Jesus was a guest, suggested yet other lessons than those already considered in the stories of the marriage supper and the feast for those who could not return the favor. One at the table who heard the stories was moved to express congratulation for those who should be so fortunate as to be received into the new social order which Jesus proposed to establish—the kingdom of God. Probably this man was one who was willing to honor others who sacrificed their own pleasures and ambitions to help in founding the new order; but one who had no intention to do what he was commending. This led Jesus again to contrast the prosperous and self-righteous who lightly refused to sacrifice their pleasures and possessions in order to enter his society, with those who had no pleasures and possessions and would come willingly on his invitation to adopt his mission to renew humanity. He therefore set forth in another parable:

1. *The unwilling and indifferent invited guests.* The great supper was the kingdom of God of which the Pharisee said that a man was fortunate who could enter it. He and his associates were invited to enter. Those of their class were in good society already, were prominent in the Church and honored in the community. As far as they understood the ideal of which Jesus so often spoke, they regarded it with approval. They were ready to praise those who sought to realize it. But why should they turn aside from the life that fostered their comfort, fed their pride, and justified, both on material and religious grounds, their self-approval? The established order of society was good enough for them.

Such persons have plenty of excuses for not seeking the kingdom of God. They are prosperous in business and absorbed in looking after their affairs. Farm and cattle, speculation in real estate and other property take all their time. Or else domestic affairs—a new wife or a new establishment—require their attention. They compliment the man who devotes his life to uplift society to the ideal of Jesus Christ, but they offer reasons which seem to them sufficient why they should not attempt it.

Theirs was the creed of those who look out first for themselves. It was exactly the opposite of the teaching of Jesus. He insisted that "a man's life consisteth *not* in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." They insisted that it did. They were well off. They held that by making it their aim to make themselves better off they would improve society. He held that by making it their aim to make others better off they would improve themselves. The contrast between these two ideals appears as the very essence of Christ's teaching. He taught his disciples to seek first the kingdom of God, and all other needed things would come to them. The Pharisees held that the first aim in life was to gain the other things, and that then they might gain the kingdom. That was what Satan sought to persuade Jesus to do in the wilderness [Luke 4: 5-8]. It is the prevalent idea of success today. The man who has become rich is in popular estimate successful. If he distributes his wealth generously and wisely he is called also a benefactor. After success is achieved he thinks he enters the kingdom. Jesus reversed this order. He said that not the rich who exercised authority but the poor who gave themselves in service were benefactors [Luke 22: 25, 26]. The man whose aim was to amass riches and did it was in the Pharisees' eyes a wise man. In the eyes of Jesus he was a fool [Luke 12: 16-21]. The man who clothed himself in purple and fine linen while the beggar lay at his door would by and by wake in torment [Luke 16: 20-31]. The sin which Jesus most hated was seeking success through wealth and honor at the expense of others, and the most hateful form of it was to assume pious motives and associations in order to make success greater. Such persons, he said, did not themselves go into the kingdom but by pretending to enter, made it appear offensive to better men and so shut them out. To their polite excuses he hurled back the most bitter invectives. Read Matt. 23: 1-39.

2. *Willing invited guests.* These were not the first invited. The Pharisees who were in the Church already, would be most likely to hear first the invitation to come into the kingdom of God. But it did not attract them. Then it was extended to those who did not expect it. "The publicans and harlots," Jesus said to the Pharisees, "go into the kingdom of heaven before you." The invitation, rejected by the well to do in society is given to the poor and maimed and blind and lame. Not many of the rich and respectable were willing to enter the new social order of Jesus, nor was the condition much changed when Paul preached a generation later [1 Cor. 1-26]. Even what are called the dregs of society, Jesus taught, have in them possibilities of heroism. Those in the highways and hedges were constrained to come in [v. 23]. In the similar parables recorded in Matthew, the servants sent out and gathered "both bad and good" [Matt. 22: 1-10]. Those regarded as the lower orders, Jesus said, were more willing than more favored ones to enter into his kingdom. It behooves his servants sent out to fill his house with guests, to gather in those most likely to accept the invitation, and to take great pains to understand and approach them in the master's spirit.

3. *The willing spirit is the spirit of self-sacrifice.* The parables of this chapter are incomplete without Christ's application of their meaning to the multitudes. He impressed on them the truth that coming into his kingdom meant adopting his aims and doing as he did. It was no life of selfish ease to which he called men. "Whoever doth not bear his own cross and come after me cannot be my disciple." Salt is of no value and is offensive if it does not purify what it comes in contact with. So men are not in the kingdom of God unless they impress the laws of that kingdom on the community and make its character felt and honored. That cannot be done except by those who make everything else subordinate to the purpose to do the will of Christ and live among men in his spirit [vs. 33-35].

* International Sunday School Lesson for Aug. 5. False Excuses. Text, Luke 14: 15-24.

Veteran Horses and Preachers

BY REV. GREGORY J. POWELL, FARGO, N. D.

The other summer I had occasion to visit some new towns on a branch line of railroad just being graded out of O—. Livery teams were scarce and expensive, and so our missionary pastor at O— placed his veteran horse "Kit" at my service. She had been doing splendid service for a dozen years or more, and over this same region she had been traveling for four years, carrying the missionary on his pastoral errands, visiting the sick, tying matrimonial knots twenty miles and over from her home stall, burying the dead, and on a multitude of kindred kindly services.

The old horse was "trotting bred" and had been a great traveler in her day, so I was told; and I could well believe it, for she showed her royal blood in her ear, clean-cut throat, barrel and limbs. She swung along over the prairie with a long, open gait, and we always made our appointments; but now she was tired and needed much right hand persuasion. The missionary and I discussed the old mare and her one-time prowess. He recounted her virtues with a reverent tone as though he were speaking of his mother, and told me how she had pulled them through snowdrifts and blizzards. Indeed "Kit" was one of the family. The missionary's wife would not think of parting with her. I was cold blooded enough to advise that they had better trade her off for a younger horse with fire, speed, an unsapped courage in his blood, saying that soon he would have an old, played-out horse on his hands; and besides, I argued, "See how you have to work your passage to make any time on the road."

I had occasion to visit that same region the following summer for a church council, and the pastor at O— was there with this same missionary horse. After the council I wanted to reach the main line of the railroad, some twenty miles distant, and, there being no train, "Kit" was at my service. I had four hours to drive the twenty-eight miles, and one-third of the road was very bad. I had misgivings about catching my train, remembering the experiences of the previous summer with this tired, overdriven old mare.

I urged her along a little the first hour, until she struck into her long, swinging gait, and though I slowed her down somewhat, to my great surprise she pulled into town in three hours and a half, and could have made it in three hours or less with ease. I took off my hat to the old missionary horse, and to the pastor's wife said, "I take back all my remarks and insinuations, but how does it happen that Kit has renewed her youth?" "Last winter we took off her shoes, kept her out of the harness, and gave her a long vacation with plenty of good care and feed," was the explanation given. A vacation with appreciative care and good feeding brought back something of the old "form" and gait. I hurried to my train, and then fell to pondering over horses and preachers who reach middle life and beyond.

My hat came off to the veteran preachers, all too little appreciated in these rushing days, and I wished I had one in the seat with me that I might ask his advice and judgment upon some of the hundred perplexing problems which were filling my mind and heart, connected with the missionary work of this great new state.

Those blessed old missionary horses—there should surely be a heaven for their reward, for they do not get all their due here. I wonder if a bit of unharnessed, appreciative, well-fed vacation—a little heaven here on the earth—would not renew the youth of many a veteran preacher, give them back their old "form" and gait, and send them on for years and years of joyful, happy service.

Denominationalism as a principle is stricken for death.—*Canon Hensley Henson.*

The Literature of the Day

The Apostolic Age

Professor Ropes, in The Apostolic Age, has undertaken a popular, rather than a scholastic treatment of the many and difficult questions involved, the material having been first used as one of the courses of the Lowell Lectures in Boston. He has made an extremely useful and helpful book, one of the ripe fruits of scholarship brought to the doors of ordinary intelligent readers of history and of the New Testament.

The first chapter is devoted to an exposition of the place of modern historical criticism in its application to the New Testament and a vindication of its right to a full and patient hearing. Incidentally he notes that this right is already conceded and that even very radical theories now fail to excite the popular mind, not because of indifference to the questions at issue, but because the public realize that all such questions must be referred to the court of scholarly discussion.

The chapter headings—The Earliest Christian Missions, Jewish Christianity and Its Fate, The Apostle Paul, Paul's Theology, Life in an Apostolic Church, The Apostles and the Gospels and The Preparation for Catholic Christianity—are in themselves suggestive both of the material and the order of thought. Last of all the progress and results of study in this field by the scholars of the world are carefully and lucidly summed up.

The position which the author takes is conservative in its main features. He holds that Acts is for the most part trustworthy history. The Gospel of John reflects the earliest meditation upon the life and words of Jesus. Of the epistles, he excludes only the pastoral from Pauline authorship. His distinction between the unconsciousness in matters of organization in this period and the hardening into Catholicism is clearly brought out. The sense of historic proportion and perspective is notably good and helpful. For the encouragement of the believer in foreign missions we may quote what is said about the apparent chances of the Church then and now, "To an impartial observer of the year 100 the prospects of Christianity would probably have seemed distinctly less good than they do today in Japan or even in China or India."

The last word upon this fascinating but difficult theme has not yet been spoken. But it is encouraging to find as the fruits of long study that so sober and truth-loving a scholar as Professor Ropes has reached conclusions which are so much nearer the old familiar landmarks of belief than many recent contributions to the history of the period.

[The Apostolic Age, by James Hardy Ropes. pp. 327. Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.]

Mrs. Deland's Awakening of Helena Richie

We have had many books in which the progress of a plot and the development of a character have depended on the conscious or unconscious influence of a child. Dickens, in Dombey and Son and The Christmas Carol, used the motive, and every one will remember Mrs. Burnett's success in touching the fountains of sentiment and determining the fashion of clothes in Little Lord Fauntleroy. In Mrs. Deland's new story of Old Chester, The Awakening of Helena Richie, the motive is the same, but Mrs. Deland has kept her childish figure entirely free from all connection with pathos or the hectic glow of cloistered or unusual childhood. Her David is a perfectly natural, uncoddled and healthy boy, who is as unconscious of the part he plays in the story as he is of the perplexities of the differential calculus.

Helena is, on the other hand, the abnormal type who is to be brought to the higher normality by the awakening of an undeveloped soul. An orphan child, brought up without expressed love by a tyrant grandmother, and marrying an elderly brute to escape from thraldom, she is not immoral, but rather unmoral in her rebound from his cruelty and drunkenness. Her brief experience of thwarted motherhood has left a terrible bitterness behind it, but has also prepared the way for the influence of responsibility when this wholesome and vigorous child comes to her home and wins a way to her heart. This awakening to the meaning of the morality which she has scorned is brought out with a delightful lucidity as well as a deep appreciation of the meaning of life in its higher social relations which Mrs. Deland deliberately makes religious in its tone.

Among the many charms of the story we must note its entire wholesomeness, its humor and its geniality. Mrs. Deland is no precisian. She can sympathize with lonely old Benjamin Wright, swearing among his canaries, and with his foolish, unworldly grandson, as well as with Dr. Lavendar, in his cares for the souls of his people. The one character in describing whom she finds it hard to maintain this sympathy and geniality, is the selfish lover of Helena. Her husband is no more than a shadow in the story, but we do not know when we have seen a more effective word against intemperate drinking than in the passage where Helena tells the doctor of her baby's death:

"Dr. King, his father hurt him. Yes; hurt a little baby, eight months and twelve days old. He died seven weeks later."

"William drew in his breath; he found no words."

"That was twelve years ago, but I can't seem to—to get over it," she said with a sort of gasp.

"But how"—Dr. King began.

"O, he was not himself. He was—happy. I believe you call it 'happy!'"

Some of Mrs. Deland's readers have feared that she might fail in using the scene and characters of Old Chester for a long story, but the fear proves wholly vain. She has known how to make the distinction between the brief drama of the single scene and the broad drama of life. And she has known also how to make the study of an awakening of character, by breadth of interest in humanity, deep insight into the heart and a gracious humor, material for a literary triumph of no common sort.

[The Awakening of Helena Richie, by Margaret Deland. pp. 357. Harper & Bros. $1.50.]

RELIGION

Commentary on the New Testament, by Prof. Bernard Weiss, D. D. 4 vols. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $3 00 each net.

It would be difficult to imagine any less pretentious setting forth of the results of a lifetime's study than Professor Weiss has given us in this interpretative paraphrase of the text of the New Testament. Only the student will understand how much research and careful thinking lie behind these quietly expressed conclusions which make such easy reading even for the wholly unlearned in matters of New Testament criticism. The apparatus of scholarship is wholly suppressed, the conclusions are stated with great simplicity of phrase and an air of frank conviction. Those who know the author's eminent place as a student of the subject, the writer of a well-known life of Christ and of authoritative works on Biblical theology, will not need to be told that he is a leader of conservative, yet open-minded thought, who brings a spirit of reverence as well as critical acumen to his researches. An introduction sets forth briefly and in untechnical language the author's conclusions in regard to the date, authorship and relations of the books. The translation is by Profs. George H. Schodde and Epiphanius Wilson and there is a brief introduction by Prof. James S. Riggs.

The Forgotten Secret, by W. J. Dawson. pp. 64. F. H. Revell Co. 50 cents net.

A timely plea for the revival of the spirit and practice of prayer as the true dynamic of Christian and church activity. In Dr. Dawson's best manner and well worth thoughtful reading.

An Inductive Creed, by Benjamin Alfred Dumm. pp. 19. Pilgrim Press.

The creed-making of a thoughtful man is always worth listening to. The author is pastor of the Congregational Church in Stoneham, Mass., and has reprinted here a statement which he made to an installing council five years ago—with some note of astonishment that in this age of swift thought-changes he still finds it the expression of his beliefs. It takes up the problems of the thoughtful man, aware of what men are thinking about questions of theology and philosophy and open-minded to the voice of truth, reaching conclusions which enable him to append the creed called The Apostles' as a closing summary of his belief.

The Problem of the Pentateuch, by Randolph H. McKim, D. D., LL. D., with a foreword by the Dean of Canterbury. pp. 136. Longmans, Green & Co.

Three lectures delivered to students of Virginia Theological Seminary last year by the rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Washington, D. C. His avowed object is to overthrow the Graf-Wellhausen theory that the Pentateuch was written in the later period of Hebrew history and based on oral traditions. Dr. McKim holds that it was based on ancient documents which were compiled and edited. These lectures are to a large extent a *mélange* of what higher critics of the Bible have said of one another's views, with the lecturer's indorsement of those whose positions he approves. They add nothing to the present stock of published knowledge of this problem.

After His Likeness, by J. W. Jack. pp. 200. H. R. Allenson, Ltd., London. 85 cents.

Sunday evening talks to young people by a Scotch pastor. The central thoughts gather about Christ as our ideal of life. Good and helpful.

SHORT STORIES

Simple Annals, by M. E. Francis. pp. 311. Longmans, Green & Co.

Tales of life in rural England, of varying interest, but at their best vivid with the humor and pathos of simple lives. For American readers they will have some quaint elements of charm in their pictures of strange social conditions.

Magic Casements, by Arthur Shearly Cripps. pp. 186. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.

The author's purpose in these short stories, for which he has borrowed a title from the most wonderful stanza of Keats's most famous poem, is to let us look in upon the England of the troubled times of the War of the Roses in the fifteenth century. Not merely the scene, the manner is also mediæval and the language is often extremely archaic. Mr. Cripps has the gift of a forthright and highly colored style and has varied his picture by the introduction of many social types. He has given us a romantic and unusual book.

The Tracer of Lost Persons, by R. W. Chambers. pp. 293. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

Entertaining stories of the discovery or recovery of mates for young men in love or who ought to marry. The machinery is cleverly invented and Mr. Chambers tells a story with enjoyment of his work.

The Wrong Envelope and other Stories, by Mrs. Molesworth. pp. 248. Macmillan & Co.

Mrs. Molesworth's tales are of the simple and genial English type, and deal with social complications and simple love experiences. They are pleasant reading, but lack the dramatic unity and intensity which the American mind associates with the short story.

Under the Sunset, in Harper's novelettes, edited by W. D. Howells and H. M. Alden. pp. 264. Harper & Bros. $1.00.

Varied and striking stories of the West, well worth reading both for their romance and as pictures of a passing stage of American life, or of present conditions lying out of the usual range of experience. Each is by a different author and this variety makes a part of the value of the book.

MISCELLANEOUS

Citizenship and the Schools, by Jeremiah W. Jenks. pp. 264. Henry Holt & Co.

Papers and essays "prepared at various times and for various purposes," all treating of the higher uses of public school education. The suggestions as to improving the quality of American citizenship and directing education for business and commerce are both idealistic and practical. An enlightening discussion of school-book legislation, based upon the drafting and passing of a bill in the legislature of Indiana is included.

Humor of Bulls and Blunders, edited by Marshall Brown. pp. 217. Small, Maynard & Co.

The editor's industry has gathered many famous—or infamous, if the reader prefers—examples and a great number of fresh instances—mainly American or Irish—of amusing bulls and blunders. They are cleverly arranged in such catagories as lend themselves to this mad material. A good book to season a vacation with laughter.

A Cook Book for Nurses, by Sarah C. Hill. pp. 72. Whitcomb & Barrows. 75 cents net.

The fruit of experience in hospital cooking put into small bulk for the service of nurses and others who have the care of the sick. Practical and sensible, with many suggestions for the housekeeper in ordinary days.

Voice Production and the Phonetics of Declamation, by J. C. Newlands. pp. 128. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.00 net.

Exercises for the development of power in public speaking, by an experienced Scotch teacher. The often repeated request that they be committed to writing has resulted in giving to the general public a work from which preachers, teachers and other public speakers may gain suggestion and help.

Other Books Received

JACKSONVILLE AND FLORIDA FACTS, prepared for the city Board of Trade by Chas. H. Smith, Jacksonville Board of Trade.

REASON IN BELIEF, by Frank Sewall, D.D. pp. 208. Elliot Stock, London.

THE GHOSTS OF THEIR ANCESTORS, by Weymer Jay Mills. pp. 143. Fox, Duffield & Co. $1.25.

The Daily Portion

THE HANDBOOK BIBLE READINGS

BY ISAAC OGDEN RANKIN

July 29, Sunday. *Fearless Trust.—Psalm* 27.

This song of unquestioning trust has remained through more than two millenniums the expression of human confidence in God because it has been verified in the experience of faith. There is no denial of the reality of suffering, but there is joy of overcoming by the help of God. No man is forsaken; but the willing, venturing heart is sure of the consolation of God's love. The song ends, not in a recovered paradise, but in the midst of trials where we wait on God.

Hide not Thy face from me, O my God, neither forsake me when my strength faileth. Teach me to overcome, to wait with Thee: and give me Thy work to do and Thy joy in its accomplishment.

July 30. *The King's Recovery.—Isa.* 38: 1-22.

Hezekiah's prayer could not have been wholly selfish. Perhaps he knew how unfit his son Manasseh was to take the kingdom. The keenness of his sense of ended opportunity was heightened by the absence of a hope of immortality reflected in his song. The dial seems to have been a series of stairs surmounted by a column, the shadow of which marked the hours.

July 31. *The King's Error.—Isa.* 39: 1-8.

To the struggle for supremacy between Babylon and Assyria Judea owed another century and a half of independence. Hezekiah fell into the temptation against which all the prophets warned, of trusting to alliances and not to God.

Aug. 1. *Paul to the Romans.—Rom.* 1: 1-17.

This letter is Paul's preparation for a visit. The Church had grown up among the large and wealthy Jewish colony in Rome, its faith was already famous in Christian circles. If it had been under charge of any other apostle, we may be sure that Paul would not have planned to go, nor written in these terms. "I am not ashamed" is a rhetorical understatement, followed by the assertion that the gospel is the power of God unto salvation. It has proved so by the testimony of thousands in all generations since.

Aug. 2. *God's World-wide Witness.—Rom.* 1: 18-25, 28-32.

Writing to the center of the Roman world, the apostle insists on the universal witness of God's law in the heart, without which a man is not a man. What we call natural religion lays a foundation for the revelation of God in Christ, it is never either a satisfaction or a finality. No man is justified in content with what he knows of God, he is called to advancing knowledge. But no man may claim that he has been left by the Spirit of God in utter darkness. Refusal of light—little or much—darkens the soul. God will judge us as pilgrims, whose feet were on the way and who did, or did not, go on.

Aug. 3. *Without Excuse.—Rom.* 2: 1-16.

This is the lesson which the proud Jew most needed, that there is no respect of persons before God. If we are trusting in our Christian inheritance, we too may need to be reminded that there are no privileged classes in God's thought. Here is no contradiction of the law of faith. Faith is itself a doing—the self-committal of the soul to God for mercy, that we may be free to do God's will.

Aug. 4. *Heart Religion.—Rom.* 2: 17-21.

The true Israel were those who did the deeds of God. Paul had no respect for the empty-hearted proclaimers of truth which they did not themselves obey. In this he was quite in sympathy with his Master, who had hard words for none but the cruel and the hypocrites. His closing word is of far-reaching significance. We must always temper the praise of men with the remembrance that the final praise is of God.

The Bad Habit of Making Excuses

(Y. P. S. C. E. Prayer Meeting)

BY REV. H. A. BRIDGMAN

Topic, Aug. 5-11. Duty, Privileges and Excuses. Luke 14: 15-24.

A common fault. This subject comes close home to us all. Where is the man that does not ignore or evade his duty occasionally and then seek to satisfy his conscience by running to the cover of an excuse? Like every bad habit this one grows upon us unconsciously, until it enchains us and harms us in all our relations to the kingdom of God.

An injury to self. The excusing habit promotes insincerity, self-deception and hypocrisy. We may excuse ourselves for some incivility of last week, but we cannot beg off from any plain duty of today. A number of excuses were given by these unappreciative guests but there was just one real reason in the case of all. They did not want to go to the feast. That is, they did not want to go badly enough to give up some other things. Then why were they not manly enough to say so? The only person whom the chronic evader of duty really deceives through his excuse is himself. The French have a proverb, "Who excuses himself accuses himself," and the outsider is usually quicker to see through the disguise into the real heart of the man than he himself is. Every time we beg off from known duty, every time we try to deceive God by putting our own desire or interest in the place of his desires and interests, at the same time claiming that it is necessary for us at the moment so to do, we strike a blow at the integrity of our moral life.

A barrier to divine fellowship. The excusing habit strains and in the end sunders the personal relationship to God. A kind friend or a neighbor will for a time put up with your various excuses but before long a chill settles down upon your intercourse. He wearies of your apologies, explanations and self-extenuations and little by little he comes to find elsewhere the satisfaction of his desire for comradeship. How long do you think that you can go on making excuses to God and at the same time keep on good terms with him?

The danger of letting opportunities slip. The excusing habit detaches one from the great forward movement of human life under the divine direction. If history makes any truth plain it is that God's plans carry. If those who, because of their social position and intelligence and standing in the community, would naturally be the first to embrace the chance to come into fellowship with him in thought and work disappoint him, he seeks others. History is one long record of the divine substitution of one agent for another. There was the monk of Erfurt, by name Luther, who became in God's hand a greater influence in behalf of church purity and efficiency than all the dignitaries of the Roman establishment. There was a lowly Oxford student, by name John Wesley, who was chosen instead of any of the scions of nobility for a mighty aggressive work in behalf of Christianity. And in our own day there has been a distinctive man of the people, without college or seminary education, with no prestige arising from ancestry, who, as the founder of the Salvation Army, has afforded the modern world proof on a grand scale of the ability of the religion of Jesus to lift up the fallen and to cope with monstrous social conditions. If you excuse yourself from every summons to a higher and a more useful life, you are losing a chance to become a channel of God's grace. He needs you. His work really cannot go on as effectively without you.

The final outcome. What a little thing an excuse is! How common it is! How natural it is to say to pastor, Sunday school superintendent, parent, citizens' committee: "O, let

me off! I am too busy. I am tired. I can't possibly." But think how this little flimsy cobweb of excuse at last wraps itself around us, smothers our best life, clogs the channel between us and God, takes us out of the current of useful human activity and leaves us stranded and useless.

The Northfield Conferences as They Come and Go

BY REV. E. M. BLISS, D. D.

There is a certain satisfaction, albeit tinged with disappointment, in seeing Northfield without the men who have made the summer conferences famous. The interest and value of the sessions appear in their substantial character and it becomes evident, as otherwise would scarcely be possible, that the foundation is laid deep in actual need, and that the supply for the need is by no means dependent on any one man or company of men. A student conference without John R. Mott and with Robert E. Speer present only part of the time, with its sessions at a time that prevented the usual large delegations from Yale, Harvard, Amherst and other colleges from attending—a Fourth of July celebration a week ahead of time—would seem to be somewhat of a risky experiment. The experiment was made however, and was a success. The delegations, if smaller in size, were much larger in number, many of the more remote colleges, never before represented, sending their best students. The general tone of the sessions seems to have been of most excellent quality, and the total attendance was not far short of last year. The "Fourth" passed off with eclat, the various college yells having one most significant addition when the Chinese students came upon the platform and fully equaled their fellows with their "C-h-i-n-a, China. New China."

The Young Women's Conference also was thoroughly satisfactory to those anxious to accomplish the most through it. As I caught my first glimpse of the sessions there was a feeling of disappointment at the size of the audience. To gather a few hundred in an auditorium seating some thousands leaves a very vivid realization of empty space. Of course Dr. A. F. Schauffler was heard without difficulty as he gave his vivid pictures of the Life of Christ and of Saul, the sinner and Paul, the preacher, and as he spoke on prayer, the "great force" or the "great farce." Miss Slattery's classes, too, were both popular and helpful. The college girls were mostly at Silver Bay, though there were not a few here, and it was by no means easy to draw a line. One enthusiastically common sense young woman brought twenty-two girls from Brooklyn, some members of her own Bible class, others friends, many of them working girls, and their bright, happy faces would have told the story even if she had not that every one had heard the Master's call and answered, Yes. There was something amusingly pathetic in her story of the meeting of those who were already Christians, to pray for those who were not, and their delighted surprise when suddenly they found their prayers answered. If they had any doubt as to the need of further prayer it must have been dispelled by Paul Moody's faithful, earnest talk at the farewell Round Top meeting, as he set before them the things that were to test in the daily life, their ability, not so much to mount up with wings as eagles, or even to run and not be weary, as to walk, tramp, tramp, over the dusty road, up the mountains, down into the valleys—and not faint.

The Women's Missionary Societies were in session last week, getting ready for the mission study classes of the coming year on the island world. The attendance is about 250. It would probably have been larger but for the corresponding session recently held at Winona. Prof. Frederick Anderson, D. D., of Newton Theological Seminary conducted the Bible study hour on Christ the Missionary, and his clean cut, professorial-exegetical method was much enjoyed even by those who have thought that Campbell Morgan was about as near perfection as a Bible teacher well could be. Paul Moody's welcome was a model, and made more than one speak of the increasing likeness, both in appearance and manner, to his father. Dr. Franklin Hamilton's inaugural address, based on a recent visit to India, was fine. There were sectional meeting, model study classes, model missionary meetings, training classes for workers with children, addresses, etc.

The feature of the conference was Mrs. Montgomery's survey of the United Study course, as set forth in her book, Christus Redemptor. She had an hour each morning, and no one who can attend fails to be present. Mrs. Montgomery's task in preparing the book has been an exceptionally hard one. To begin with, there is no such unity in the field presented as is found in China, India or even Africa. The available literature too is meager, and so is the amount of personal information. Still Mrs. Montgomery has caught the spirit of those races or tribes and the salient points of the work among them most excellently, and presents them in a fascinating and illuminating manner. If possible she ought to be secured for a large number of sub conferences in different parts of the country. Among the other speakers were Miss M. K. Scudder of the Arab Mission in India, Mrs. Theodora Crosby Bliss of the American Board's Micronesia Mission, Dr. Arthur J. Brown of the Presbyterian Board on the Philippines. Of course Northfield is beautiful. Everybody knows that. It is also comfortable, which means even more to those who come from the sweltering heat of the cities.

Connecticut

Consulting State Editors heard from this week: Rev. Thomas C. Richards, Torrington, and Dr. William J. Mutch, New Haven

A Successful Woman Evangelist

Connecticut's most successful evangelist is a woman, Miss May B. Lord. Her father was a Congregational minister and she spent several years in preparation at Wesleyan University. At first she worked for the Connecticut Sunday School Association, especially in back districts, organizing Sunday schools. Her power in personal and platform work early appeared, so she severed her connection with the Sunday School Association and for several years has devoted herself entirely to evangelism under direction of the Connecticut Bible Society. She has been working in some of the larger towns, such as South Manchester, Bethel, New Milford and Danbury.

MISS MAY B. LORD

At *Bethel*, 200 people were converted, many of them men, and many of these hard drinkers. All the churches, including the Episcopal, united in the services. For two years the men have held a union meeting on Sunday afternoons. In summer they gather around a large flat rock in the woods, called Poker Rock, where many of them formerly went to gamble. Ninety per cent. of the converts are standing firm today. The past winter, in the Methodist church at *Danbury*, 150 decided for Christ during her services. At *New Canaan* she has done splendid service and she has accomplished a noble month's work at *Mianus*.

In *New Milford* last year the churches were crowded to the doors as she spoke for five weeks, and all who united with the churches have been faithful, many of them helpful. *Boardman's*, a district to the north of New Milford, has been transformed. Cider drinking, the curse of rural Connecticut, had deadened people's sensibilities, but sixty began a new life, most of them men.

At *South Manchester* seventy-five were converted. Mr. Reynolds received thirty-five into his church in January and five in March, making 150 in the five years of his ministry.

How does she do it? She is an optimist. She has an attractive personality and broad sympathy. No woman is too weak, no man is too depraved or degenerate, to be beyond God's love or hers. She has a passion for souls that makes her public utterance intense, dramatic, but never sensational. She has a sublime faith and prays on every occasion possible with an earnestness and confidence truly wonderful. Said a newspaper reporter:

> The secret of her success lies in her personal work, and her power in that respect is instantly realized as she grasps one's hand at the door at the close of the service and inquires in the sweetest voice and with tenderest solicitude, "Are you a Christian?" If the answer is in the affirmative, her reply, "I'm so glad," shows warmest gratitude. If the reply is unsatisfactory, she will find some way to the heart before she will say good night.
>
> Next morning, she is going from house to house, by personal conversation preparing the way for the meeting in the evening or clinching the nails driven the night before.
>
> She is ever hiding herself out of sight. In fact, she has been so utterly self-forgetful that she has been near a physical breakdown in spite of youth and remarkable endurance. Somehow she has the faculty of inspiring the same desire in her converts to be soul-winners. Some of the strong workers in the Connecticut churches have met Jesus Christ through Miss Lord.
>
> Modest, tactful, enthusiastic, consecrated woman that she is, may she be spared many years to work for the kingdom of God.

T. C. R.

Hartford in Summer

Hartford may be conservative, but she is also aggressive. She has installed at the corner of Russ and Lawrence Streets a large gospel tent for the summer. Her best known pastors, like Potter of Center Church and Miel of Trinity, are holding services every night and preaching the straight gospel. The tent work is under the auspices of the Hartford Federation of Churches, S. W. Raymond, superintendent. Among the attractions are meetings for children and a children's choir. It is too early to estimate results, but the attendance is large.

Further, the Hartford churches have invited Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman to conduct a series of evan-

gelistic services in their city early in the winter, and he has accepted. Arrangements are already begun to make the work effective.

In the death of Judge Nathaniel Shipman of the United States Circuit Court, Hartford loses one of her most honored citizens and Connecticut Congregationalism one of her noblest laymen. He was a charter member of Pearl Street Church in 1852, bringing his letter from Yale College. He was Sunday school superintendent in the Civil War period, and during the last twenty-one years was never absent from Sunday morning service except on account of illness. For twelve years he was president of the Education Society, and since 1882 a director of the Missionary Society of Connecticut.

The Hartford pastors scatter during the summer, but all the churches will remain open throughout the season.

Rev. W. W. Breckenridge, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, a Yale Seminary graduate and affiliated by choice as well as perforce with the city's Congregational ministers, has resigned after a twelve-year pastorate.

Hartford has opened a new resort, Luna Park, just outside the city in West Hartford. The performances and shows are in full blast on Sunday. Rev. T. M. Hodgdon, pastor at West Hartford, preached July 15 a manly and forceful sermon against the open violation of the Sunday laws. Such a protest both voiced and aroused public sentiment and must bring results. R.

Education and Evangelism in New Haven

Education has occupied the platform in New Haven thus far this summer. Following the usual demonstrations of Commencement season at the university, the high school and other schools, always magnified in the hearts of those concerned in them, came the ninety-sixth annual meeting of the American Institute of Instruction. Though national in its scope and much older than the National Educational Association, this body is smaller and less ambitious. Yet with its four days' sessions, its ten-department programs, its fine exhibit, occupying the Yale dining hall, and especially with its general sessions morning and evening in Woolsey Hall, with speakers of the rank of William T. Harris addressing audiences of a thousand, it is worthy of its long history. The summer school which had just begun is made up largely of teachers who were likewise interested in the convention.

The summer school is still in its beginnings and is proving an expensive experiment for the university; but the facilities for such work are so great that its success seems inevitable, if its opportunities are sufficiently advertised. The attendance this year is about two hundred.

The large space left vacant by the sudden death of Professor Stevens will not be appreciated until the term opens. Not only in the divinity school, but in the town he was an important figure, and a substitute is not readily found. This burden falls heavily on Professor Curtis, the only one of the faculty not away; but if present hopes materialize, the good news will be as notable as was the bad.

Dr. and Mrs. McLane of Plymouth Church have gone to Europe for a vacation trip, but just before leaving, a council called by that church ordained their son Donald. It was certainly fitting that his own church and his own father should do the honors on this occasion. Mr. McLane is now employed as assistant pastor of the Church of the Sea and Land, New York.

The most active religious work at present is in behalf of Italians. A vigorous tent campaign has been planned among them in New Haven, under the direction of Rev. F. Pesaturo. This will draw attention to the opening of Italian work, Aug. 5, in Davenport Church, near by. Measures are also being taken to reach the Italian colonies along the shore at such places as Stony Creek and Guilford. It is also hoped that the deaconess work will reach definitely into the field of New Haven's foreign population.

Increasingly the regular constituencies of the city churches disperse in summer, and the churches either close or combine. Four or five pastorless ones in the vicinage do not consider it worth while to call any one until fall. The people have fallen into the way of thinking that Christian ideals may be held in abeyance in summer, and pastors too readily assent. It is with ideals as with friends, "Out of sight, out of mind." The pre-eminence lost in summer is not easily regained in winter.

W. J. M.

The Rich prize for the best Commencement oration at Wesleyan University was awarded this year to James Augustus Wilson of Calhoun, Ala.—the only Negro in the class and a Hampton graduate. He has specialized in literature, history and philosophy. The subject of his oration was, Shall the Negro Have a Share in American Politics?

A Double Letter from Idaho

FROM HOPE

Fire recently destroyed a large part of the business and residence portion of Hope, including the Congregational church. Rev. S. H. Herbert had but recently come to be pastor of the church, which has not had a resident pastor for ten years. Most of its members and supporters suffered heavily in the fire, which is the second in ten years that has burned the church.

The town has had five saloons, but only one organized church. It will probably need special help from outside until the business of the town is on its feet again. The church was insured for $350, which covers the grant of the Building Society made about five years ago, when the present house of worship was erected. H.

FROM THE CAPITAL CITY

First Church, Boise, Dr. G. E. Paddock, pastor, at the July communion received 19 to fellowship, four adults on confession. This makes 72 accessions since Jan. 1, 26 on confession. The church is putting about $2,000 worth of improvements on its building and increasing its seating capacity. There is no question as to good audiences either morning or evening, the attendance holding up during the heated season. The pastor has been made glad by having young men from his evening congregation come and ask to talk with him about their spiritual welfare. A number have thus surrendered themselves to the service of the Master in the good old way of a "known conversion." The Sunday school is being reorganized and graded, and is growing every Sunday, right through vacation.

The State Association is to meet here in September. We hoped to have some Eastern workers of our national societies with us, but thus far in vain. Our churches are growing and the great inflow of Eastern people is making Idaho a strategic point in the new life of this great Northwest. It is a pity for Congregationalism that the Home Missionary Society is so badly hampered that it cannot enter the great opportunities in this rapidly growing state. In a number of places churches should be planted, and they would rapidly come to self-support. Other denominations are entering in and gathering to themselves a fine body of people who were Congregationalists in the Middle West and the East. It saddens one who believes that Congregationalism can best meet the needs of this new country. With so much wealth in Congregational homes, it is too bad. P.

Summer Evangelism

A HOME CAMPAIGN AT WINONA, MINN.

Second Church, Rev. Brandon Greenaway, pastor, in conjunction with seven other West End churches, has just closed a three weeks' evangelistic campaign including four Sundays, held in a big tent. The attendance averaged 250 nightly, and on Sunday evening 600 to 700.

The preaching was conducted by the local pastors. On the Fourth of July meetings were held afternoon and evening, and, despite the facts that it was a holiday and that a large circus was in town, good numbers assembled. The singing was led by a choir of 100 voices.

During the campaign the pastors met for prayer every morning, and four to seven cottage prayer meetings were held every afternoon, with an attendance ranging from five to twenty.

Results: a good number of converts, the life of the churches stimulated, and the work of the kingdom in this end of the city quickened when at this time of year it naturally would have dragged.

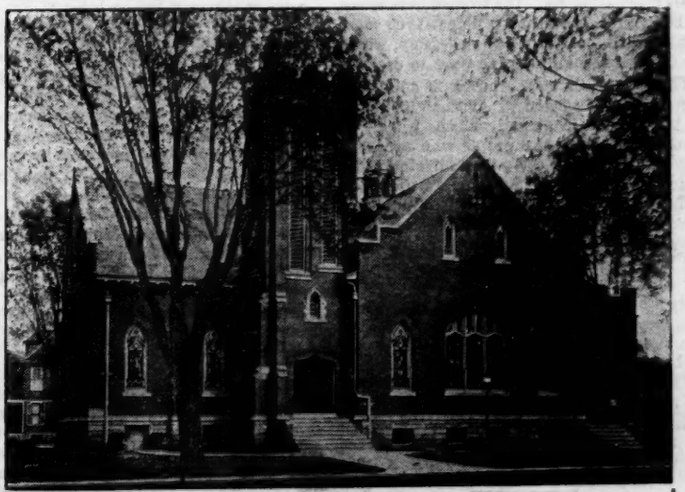
An unusual feature was that the audience did not know which pastor was to preach till he commenced his sermon. B. G.

Kansas City's Proposed Edifice

First and *Clyde* Churches of Kansas City, Mo., were merged last year and Dr. Alexander Lewis of Worcester, Mass., was called to the pastorate. The consolidated church has decided to erect a new $100,000 building on the corner of Seventh and Highland Streets. Twenty-seven thousand dollars have been paid for the lot, and the church has money and property in addition representing a cash value of about $130,000. The old First Church was sold for $150,000, and the Clyde property remains intact.

It is planned, after the erection of the new building, to apportion a part of the balance among the Congregational churches of the city and to establish a fund for church extension.

A building committee of which Mr. E. E. Holmes is chairman has been appointed, and work will begin as soon as plans can be secured. J. P. B.



Dedication at Mendon, Ill.

This is the new home of the first Congregational church formed in Illinois. It was organized in 1833 with eighteen charter members, nearly all from Guilford or New Haven, Ct. The church has had twelve pastors besides the present one, Rev. Joseph F. Bacon. The most conspicuous pastorate is that of Rev. A. B. Campbell, who ministered twenty-six years. The church has largely molded the sentiment of both town and surrounding country, and from it have gone forth many who have done and are doing noble work elsewhere—men like President McClelland of Knox College, Dr. William R. Campbell, president of the Congregational Education Society, Rev. Henry Harrison, once editor of The Advance, and others. The new edifice was dedicated free of debt July 8, with sermon by President McClelland. The cost, nearly $18,000, *was raised on the ground.* F.

Our Readers' Forum

This department is intended to be a clearing house for opinion on all topics of general importance. To that end, brief voluntary contributions are invited in the hope that all sides of debatable questions will be freely and fairly discussed. In selecting these open letters for publication, the editors will endeavor to choose such as will interest and profit the readers of the paper.

Bishop or Board

Do we need bishops? The *Advance* says No, but we do need something or somebody to adjust the affairs of the Congregational churches. To men who revolve in an orbit of perpetual sunshine the need may not seem apparent. But to others, whose lot in life is to seek rather than to be sought, the need is strongly evident.

"Hunting for a job" is not a pleasant occupation; for a man of refinement it is well nigh intolerable, but this same "hunting for a job" is the unhappy fate of many a middle-aged minister who might have been spared some portion of his misery if a wise man—a bishop if you will—had helped to bring the right man to the right church. Many a church would have prospered where it now languishes, had some wise counselor helped it to get rid of a man whose work in that particular field was unfruitful. If a bishop can do this, let us have a bishop whatever his title may be. Congregationalism falls far short of its ideal possibilities if it cannot train men for such work and at the same time keep them humble and holy.

If not a bishop, then why not a board (not of the wooden variety), to be chosen at the State Association as is the custom in Massachusetts and New York. Commit to this board the oversight, the fostering, the counseling of the churches of our faith within the limits of that state, not as having arbitrary power to say Do this, or, Do that, but as showing a loving purpose of helpfulness.

In an Interior state, there is in a whole township, one church, and that of the Congregational denomination. The church is closed this summer, not for lack of money, for the membership is made up of well-to-do farmers who could, if they would, support a minister in modest comfort. The young people are growing up into indifference and irresponsibility. Such a community will by degrees lapse into barbarism. The trouble here seems to be lack of leadership, a defect even more fatal than that of too much leadership, which we Congregationalists are so wont to deplore.

The Roman Catholic Church is admirable in its organized efficiency. With all its faults, it has what Congregationalism lacks. It reaches and holds the people who are born into it. We do not. We let individuals and churches drift away into indifference and godlessness. If they merely drifted into other churches the case would be less sad. The growing denominations work on this line. As long as this election of a new minister for a church depends on his being somebody's brother-in-law's uncle (or more probably nephew, being younger), there will be troublesome misfits. The man with the "pull," be he saint or sinner, will get the job, while his more modest brother retires from the active ministry before reaching the dead line.

For some, at least, of these evils, the bishop or board would prove a remedy. Why not try the one or the other? A. A. P.

How a Minister Would Manage Socials

Church socials, like fire, are good servants, but bad masters. In moderation, they uplift; in excess, they burden. When a church throws a large part of its energy into socials and aims to raise a large proportion of its revenue in this way, it suffers. The members feel the loss in spiritual power. The extra toil wears upon them. For every dollar received, a generous percentage must go into grocery, fuel and lighting accounts. One may not see it go, but it goes, nevertheless.

For revenue only, commend me to the method of the young minister of a church of about seventy-five members, who said not long ago to his Sunday congregation: "Friends, our conference wishes us to raise thirty dollars. I shall now expect each one who raises his hand to pay one dollar or more."

As a result, in a few moments hands were raised all over the audience and the thirty dollars were assured.

It is much better for one to give outright to a worthy cause than to spend and get a *quid pro quo*. The larger the *quid*, the less the benevolence. The best alms are those for which no reward is expected. Therefore, if I were a layman, I should not look upon church socials as, first of all, money-getting gatherings.

But socials fill an important place. To preach the gospel of hospitality, to express Christian love, they are precious. If the Master came "eating and drinking," it is not for his disciples to shun the house of feasting.

Nor am I the ascetic who would say that money should never be charged for them. Some would remain away if such affairs were entirely free, and there are usually expenses. My own wish would be to have some socials free and charge for others. The money might be obtained, either by a regular fee, or by having a box fixed in a certain place for free will offerings. At any rate, let the main revenue of the church be from other sources, lest the friend we wish to reach should think us more anxious for his money to help pay our minister (I am a layman just now, you know), than for himself.

I would take care to have everything worth fully as much as it costs. Far better to have one smile and say that the ten-cent supper should have brought fifteen cents, than to have one frown and say, "These people are on the make." "Extortion and excess" are not for Christian cups and platters.

As to the form of entertainment, I would be very scrupulous. Elocutionists often present questionable selections. The committee should weed these out. If they could have a travel talk or instructive words from a business or professional man, they would do well.

If I were providing new seats for a social room, I think I should buy light, double folding settees like those in the parlor of First Church, Nashua, N. H., which can be easily moved, even by a child, and whose arrangement can be quickly changed. A small group can thus be seated together with delightful informality.

I would try to promote happiness by introducing congenial people to each other, especially caring for the wall flowers. How much better to make new friends at the church social than at the "social" dance. I would have a tender thought for the lonely stranger, and would count it one of the highest rewards for planning and efforts, if a few such were to write home that they had at our social one of the pleasantest evenings they ever spent, and were surprised to find how cordial and unselfish were our people.

Bennington, N. H. W. T. B.

A Post-Seminary Course in Pastoral Theology

It was in the hill country with its long sweep of mountains stretching toward the north, brightened by the glow of autumn leaves. The guide was an old minister doing pastoral work in the scattered hamlets of a river valley stretching north and south for thirty miles. For twenty-five years his face had been familiar in their homes. This venerable gentleman did not scorn clerical costume, as the coat buttoned to the throat bore testimony. The smooth shaven face, the high forehead crowned with snowy hair, the kindly eyes, proclaimed the clergyman and the cultured gentleman.

The older man invited a younger minister to make a trip of thirty miles among the hills where he was to attend a funeral. That afternoon the younger man had a lecture in pastoral theology. All along the way calls were made at farmhouses long enough to inquire for the family. The illness of one, the trouble of another, were poured into the ears of the sympathetic friend and pastor—and once the old hand went down into the pocket to bring forth a well-worn purse and dispense bounty. And as he went on his way, the words, "God bless you," fell like a benediction on the little group left behind. Toiling along the hilly road the old man poured forth a wealth of reminiscences and anecdotes, brightened with hymns about the New Jerusalem that the younger man remembered hearing in his childhood. The night came down and for three hours the road ran through the woods where for miles there was no sign of human habitation, and the gloom was only relieved by occasional patches of moonlight.

The day of the funeral was dark and rainy. In the early morning the sexton tolled steadily in the rain digging the new grave. Across the road the little union church crowned the hill with its spire and bell tower. On all sides were hills and hills with valleys and valleys and glistening lakes showing through the white fog that touched the tops of the tallest summits. Nearly half the population attended the funeral, and from every garden had come tributes of common flowers. The old minister spoke of the great hope of immortality that brightened the saddest hours of life; of the love of God; of the beauty of living; of the great usefulness of the life just ended.

Then followed hearty words of sympathy that left one sure that God cared for his children in their sorrow; that left one's heart warm with a touch of this gracious personality that adorned the ministry. For a benediction the old man raised his strong face to God and poured forth a hymn that gripped one's heart. Quietly the company passed the coffin of their friend with subdued spirits and on many faces the tears glinted. Coming from his pulpit throne the old minister paused long enough to grasp each mourner's hand, then quickly left the church.

The team was waiting and the homeward journey began. Down, down the hills through an avenue of dripping trees bedecked with amber and gold ran the road through the forest. Every mile revealed the culture of manhood a pastor's life may bring. There were stories of christenings and weddings and funerals; stories that raised a shout; others that started the tears. But above all stood out the manhood of the old minister!

The younger minister had taken his seminary course and received his diploma; he had been several years in the work; but this trip was better than a summer school in theology or a post-graduate course in sociology; because it revealed the possibility of reaching old age in the ministry without fearing chloroform—of having the seal of manhood set upon one's age in simple deeds done for his fellowmen.

F. G.

Calls
Ordinations
Installations
Resignations
Dismissions
Personals

Church and Ministerial Record

(Brief items suitable for these columns are solicited from pastors, church clerks and others. Names should be signed, but not for publication)

Organizations
Dedications
Anniversaries
Spiritual Activity
Material Gain
Ways of Working

Calls

BUTCHER, WM. R., Roodhouse, Ill., to Hartwick, Io. Accepts.

EVANS, DAVID H., formerly of Northampton, N. H., declines call to Augusta, Me., but accepts invitation to preach for a year and do parish work, retaining his family home at Little Boar's Head, N. H.

LE BAR, WM. H., Kingfisher, Okl., accepts call to Clarks, Neb.

PERRIN, DAVID J., Springfield, S. D., to Belle Fourche.

PINNEY, IRA E., formerly of Vershire, Vt., to North Hyde Park, to complete the year. Accepts.

RAND, FRANK E., Temple, N. H., to Newington. Accepts, and is at work.

SIMMS, THOS., Middlebury, Vt., to First Ch., Braintree, Mass.

Ordinations and Installations

COOL, P. A. (Meth.), i. Linden Hills, Minneapolis, Minn., June 29. Sermon, Rev. J. W. Cool; other parts, Pres. Cyrus Northrop, Drs. G. R. Merrill, L. H. Hallock, Rev. Messrs. L. C. Talmage, C. E. Burton, S. J. Rogers, Henry Holmes and J. E. Smith.

MCCARTHY, SAM'L R., Carleton Coll. and Oberlin Sem., o. Spearfish, S. D., July 11. Sermon, Rev. S. G. Butcher; other parts, Dr. W. H. Thrall, Judge Bennett, Rev. Messrs. H. H. Loud, K. W. Powell, W. S. Ashley and D. J. Perrin.

SPALDING, JR., GEO. B., i. Saratoga Springs, N. Y., July 17. Sermon, Dr. G. B. Spalding, father of the candidate; other parts, Rev. Messrs. Thos. Bell, E. A. Burnham, P. E. Pierce, C. S. Hager, A. V. Bliss and E. A. McMaster.

Resignations

BALL, ALBERT H., Passaic, N. J. He retires from the active pastorate.

RICE, GUY H., Red Cloud, Neb., on account of throat trouble.

ROOD, JOHN S., Vine Ch., Minneapolis, Minn.

SCHNEIDER, JOHN F., Winterport, Me.

SMITH, A. J., gen. miss. for Texas, under the S. S. Soc., to engage in business.

WOODMAN, GEO. E., Wilmington and W. Dover, Vt., to take effect in September.

Summer Supplies

SUNDERLAND, L. ERNEST, Univ. of Chicago, at Weybridge, Vt.

Stated Supplies

ROUNDY, RODNEY W., Ludlow, Vt., at Second Ch., Millbury, Mass., for a month, the pastor, Rev. G. F. Ekins, being on his wedding trip to Riverside, Cal.

Personals

BAINES-GRIFFITHS, D., Edgehill Ch., Spuyten Duyvil, New York, N. Y., sailed July 25 for Great Britain. During his absence he has preaching appointments at Bournemouth, Bradford and Leicester, also at Llandudno and Lytham.

DINSMORE, CHAS. A., pastor First Church, Waterbury, Ct., spends his vacation in Switzerland and in Southern England, where he expects to visit various Dante scholars.

DUTTON, CHAS. H., on leaving New Haven, Vt., for his new field in Watertown, N. Y., was given a farewell reception and $50 in money, with the suggestion that he purchase a roll-top desk and other furnishings.

EVANS, EDW. R., Gloversville, N. Y., has been granted an increase in salary of $200.

FREEDLINE, J. H., Arion, Io., has become a member of the M. E. Church, and will reside in Gravity.

HATCH, DAVID P., Franklin, N. H., with wife and little son sailed from Montreal, July 21, for a visit to Great Britain and Holland.

HILL, GEO. W. C., Proctor, Vt., sailed July 19 on Cymric to summer in England, studying cathedrals. He preaches four times in London, once in Dr. Silvester Horne's church.

HYSLOP, Dr. JAS., secretary of the C. C. B. S. for Michigan, with headquarters at St. Johns, sailed from Philadelphia, July 21, to visit his mother in Scotland.

LEWIS, EDWIN J., and wife, Plymouth, Ct., on the tenth anniversary of their marriage were presented with money and other gifts.

LITTLE, ARTHUR, and wife, Second Ch., Dorchester, Mass., sailed for Liverpool on Oceanic, July 18.

RICHARDS, THOS. C., Warren, Mass., on closing his recent pastorate at Torrington, Ct., was presented with gold coin, and Mrs. Richards with a diamond ring and table silver.

STUART, IRVING W., Hartland, Vt., has been given $110 by the church in appreciation of his special efforts in the repairs so recently completed.

Dedications

EDGERTON, WIS., Rev. L. A. Parr. Renovated and enlarged building rededicated, with sermon by Rev. R. C. Denison. Rev. L. H. Keller, founder of church, also took part. New Sunday school and social rooms added, walls and ceiling of auditorium covered with embossed steel. Estimated cost, $3,500, of which $2,500 paid or pledged and large promises received toward remainder.

HARTLAND, VT., Rev. I. W. Stuart. Repaired edifice rededicated, with address by Pres. Tucker of Dartmouth.

OXBOW, ME.—House of worship two years in building dedicated at last session of Aroostook Conference, with sermon by Rev. C. A. Moore of Bangor and prayer by Sec. Charles Harbutt. Nearly every family in community represented.

SUNNYVALE, CAL.—New building costing, with lot, $3,186.

Material Gain

EDGARTOWN, MASS., Rev. F. M. Cutler. Interior of auditorium decorated in quiet, restful colors. Tablets each side of pulpit contain names of all the pastors since organization in 1642. Total cost, $700, half contributed by friends and individual members; remainder by Ladies' Circle.

LINCOLN, NEB., *Vine*, Dr. M. A. Bullock. Corner stone of proposed handsome new edifice laid by pastor, with addresses by Supt. S. I. Hanford, Rev. C. H. Rogers and others.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., *North*, Rev. N. M. Hall. During the summer organ will be rebuilt and enlarged into a three-manual organ with eight new stops; cost, $3,500, met by subscriptions. When completed it will be one of the finest instruments in the city.

Suggestive Features

BOSTON, MASS., *Neponset*, Rev. C. H. Washburn. Men's Friendly Class organized to develop fellowship and consider vital questions of life. Young People's Union "to work for God with the pastor." Its principles: Faith in God, Faith in Young People, Service.

BOSTON, MASS., *Shawmut*, Dr. W. T. McElveen. ITS CREED: We believe in the Fatherhood and Friendship of God, the Example and Saviourhood of Jesus, the Supremacy of the Bible and the possible progressive growth of the soul in fullness of God's likeness.

BRANDON, VT., Rev. F. L. Bullard. Young People's Sunday School Class in charge of pastor, who lectures on the Life of Christ. Attractive cards of announcement and invitation sent out by Sunday school superintendent to eligible members.

BROOKLINE, MASS., *Leyden*, Rev. H. G. Hale. The six best selling books for a recent month reviewed by pastor at midweek meetings in May and June.

BURLINGTON, Io., Dr. William Salter and Rev. Naboth Osborne. Boy choir and juvenile orchestra of five pieces with piano. Both took part in recent Children's Day service.

EAST HARTFORD, CT., *First*. Men's Club organized to develop fellowship and spiritual life, to aid in caring for church property and to improve civic conditions.

EDGARTOWN, MASS., Rev. F. M. Cutler. (*a*) Fourteen out of 18 children who attempted to attend Sunday morning service regularly for three months, succeeded, and were given a go-to church dinner at the parsonage, followed by a good time playing games. The children agreed that they would continue regular attendance "even without hope of immediate earthly reward." (*b*) Antiphonal singing by two strong choirs on opposite sides of gallery.

FALL RIVER, MASS., *Central*, Dr. C. F. Swift. Parish gathering to enable pastor to greet people informally before separating for vacations. Pastor and deacons with their wives received parishioners.

GARDINER, ME., Rev. J. L. Quimby. Vested choir of over 50 members.

HUDSON, MASS.—Rev. G. B. Frost and Rev. Amelia A. Frost gave reception to the 55 members received during his two years' pastorate.

JEFFERSON, O., Rev. J. W. Barnett. Instead of the regular monthly missionary topic of the Endeavor Society, the young people unite with the regular evening service bimonthly in a missionary evening—one for each of our benevolent societies each year. The aim is to secure some one from outside to present the cause. They began with Mr. Fri Chi Hao, a native Chinaman, who graduates from Oberlin College this year. Attendance and interest gratifying.

LINCOLN, NEB., Dr. J. E. Tuttle. Mr. William Bailey, honorary deacon, being absent from his home church, wrote a beautiful Easter letter, which was read to the congregation and printed in the church calendar.

MARION, MASS., Rev. H. L. Brickett. Manual and confession of faith revised and put into modern language. In the article referring to the final judgment, the phrase, "eternal issues" replaces the words, "everlasting punishment."

NEW HAVEN, CT., *Grand Ave.* Normal class for training Sunday school teachers organized by pastor, Dr. I. W. Sneath.

NEWINGTON, CT.—Church improvement society organized.

PIGEON COVE, MASS., Rev. E. P. Kelley. Bible study class, meeting on week evenings to read and discuss half a book, assigned to be read beforehand. Has become most interesting service of church. New Sunday school library purchased by two classes of girls who met as a club with one teacher. Had table at sales of Ladies' Circle and raised the money. Old books sent to Sunday school of new home missionary church.

Gifts

SOMERVILLE, MASS., *Broadway*, Rev. R. W. Beers. Parsonage purchased for $5,500, and remodeled at cost of more than $4,000. Opened with reception given by the pastor and his wife in honor of Mr. and Mrs. I. A. Whitcomb, through whose generosity the property was secured. Mr. Whitcomb purchased the estate, planned and superintended the improvements, toward which he contributes more than $2,000. The church agrees to refund him $500 per year for fifteen years. The payment for this year is provided by Mr. James M. Yorke.

Anniversaries

CHARLTON, MASS.—10th of the pastorate of Rev. G. O. Jenness. Celebrated by an all-day session, at which history of church covering 145 years was read. That of the last decade was written by the pastor.

OAKLAND, CAL., *Fourth*, 25th celebrated with addresses by Pres. J. K. McLean, Rev. C. R. Brown and the pastor, Rev. F. H. Maar.

Notes of Progress

ATHOL, MASS., Rev. C. O. Eames. 31 accessions since Jan. 1; over $3,000 raised for repairing and improving church edifice, and work begun; parish divided into 23 districts, and a leader for each elected by church to co-operate with pastor in closer supervision; debt of $700 recently paid; new hymnals purchased for use Sunday evenings.

FORT RECOVERY, O., Rev. Vernon Emery. 31 accessions since Jan. 1, of whom 16 were men. One woman 90 years old united on baptism and confession.

QUINCY, MASS., *Washington St.*, Rev. A. R. Atwood. 150 copies Northfield Hymnal purchased; 30 accessions since Jan. 1, 18 on confession; money partly raised for extensive repairs and improvements in auditorium and Sunday school room; helpful series of addresses to Sunday school teachers by eminent educators; popular series of Sunday evening services conducted by young people at which pastor preached.

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.—In five years of Rev. J. P. Hoyt's pastorate 143 members added; satisfactory plan of systematic benevolence adopted; $2,500 parsonage finished, dedicated and paid for; debts on parsonage and organ paid; $5,000 contributed outside current expenses.

Local Union Movements

GLENWOOD, Io.—Members of the Congregational church attended St. John's Church in a body on a recent Sunday. The pastor, however, far from being taken by surprise, had secured the Congregational choir to lead the music.

TOLEDO, O.—Union evangelistic tent services held nightly for two weeks under auspices of the Federation of Churches. In recognition thereof *Second* Ch., Rev. C. M. Burkholder, discontinued his evening service for two Sabbaths.

The *Scottish Review*, commenting on Canadian prosperity, hopes that it "will not develop the somewhat sordid materialism which prevails on the other side of the border (*i. e.*, in the United States). The Scotch editor should read the Canadian religious journals, with their frank admission that materialistic ideals not only have taken root but are powerful in Canada.

XUM

Education

By the will of the late Alfred Beit, the German Jew who came to be the Diamond King of South Africa and with Cecil Rhodes shaped its economic and political development more than any other man during the past generation, English and South African educational interests will profit much. London University's School of Technology gets $1,500,000, the University of Johannesburg is left $1,000,000 and educational institutions within the area of British South Africa get $1,000,000. He also leaves $6,000,000 to trustees to use in developing by railways, telegraphs—wire and wireless—and telephones, the development of Africa along the route of the Cape-to Cairo railroad.

Rev. L. T. Townsend, formerly of Boston University, has been elected president of Gammon Theological Institute, Atlanta, Ga., one of the best Methodist Episcopal schools for Afro-Americans in the South.

FOR YOU!

Rosemary Cottage

When San Francisco was visited last April by an earthquake, people needed no urging to send relief. Why? Because the suffering was so obvious. We hope that Boston will not be visited by an earthquake. But we wish that the suffering among the worthy poor during the summer season could be brought to public notice in a way to open hearts and purses.

In place of the earthquake we must depend upon the still, small voice of its annual appeal to show why the Fresh Air Fund has a right to ask for large contributions.

A Rosemary Group

All ready for a Ride

The good work is organized into four distinct branches:

1. Open car rides for children, invalids and tired mothers, who need such an outing.
2. Day excursions to Nantasket.
3. Picnics at Franklin Park.
4. Two weeks' vacation at Rosemary Cottage, in Eliot, Me.

Number one costs only ten cents; $3 50 pays for a week's vacation at Rosemary Cottage for a mother or child, *including transportation;* and $28 endows a bed for the season, thus insuring seven days of delight to eight persons. Even stronger than the still, small voice of our annual appeal is the testimony of the people themselves whose lives are made brighter by the Fresh Air Fund. From many letters which have come to us we select a few extracts:

"Rosemary is a most beautiful place for mothers to come with their little ones for a good rest. My one prayer is that some day I can donate something to the Cottage. If there ever is a chance you can rest assured I shall."

"As I sit here and look away to the far-off hills, it reminds me of my childhood's home. In front of the house stands a large maple tree, its branches nearly touching the window, as in the dear old home. I am glad of this opportunity to express my gratitude for being here, and for everything that has been done to make our visit pleasant and a real *rest.*"

"I came to Rosemary Cottage with my mother and my three brothers younger than myself, and had a very nice time here swinging in the hammocks and on the see-saws and on the swings. I picked some wild roses and other kind of flowers. It is so nice that I would like to stay here all the time. I played croquet too. I played lawn tennis with the children. I went up the hill and saw the White Mountains and all around the world. I had a ride the other day. We went to York Beach and picked shells and had the best time I ever had. I am going home Wednesday to make room for other little children."

Is it any wonder that people enjoy giving to a cause which puts so much sunshine into human lives? With the contributions to the Fresh Air Fund come expressions like these:

"It is always a pleasure to help this cause."

"There is no charity that appeals to me more than this."

At the Well

Twenty-six years ago the Fresh Air Fund in its work for mothers and children was in its experimental stage. It came to stay. This is the twenty-seventh season that it sends the unfortunate into "God's out-of-doors." Its power to renew physical strength and to brighten life is limited only by the income it receives from generous friends.

In the Swing

"Now is the time! Ah, friend, no longer wait
To scatter loving gifts and words of cheer
To those around whose lives are very drear;
They may not need you in the coming year—
Now is the time!"

Contributions sent to D. W. WALDRON, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., will be gratefully received and promptly acknowledged.

Mothers and Children

Under Summer Skies in Minnesota

A great company from the states south and east of Minnesota find surcease from labor and worry beside its hundreds of blue, forest-lined lakes. From Lake Superior, with its hay fever refuge, through Detroit and Alexandria, to the shores of the great Minnetonka, cottages and tents are found in large numbers. The Twin Cities pour themselves out to a dozen cool lakes about which beautiful parks have been laid out. This reputation as an outing state brings to our borders preachers, too, whom we are glad to see and hear. If our New England brethren also would remember their Western kin in arranging for summer supplies, and give them a chance to see old ocean again, I am sure the bonds which should bind Eastern and Western Congregationalism together would be more firmly knit.

CONFERENCES

Our eight or nine conferences have concluded their annual meetings, and Congregational Minnesota looks forward to the fiftieth anniversary of the State Association. The conferences now number eight, important changes having taken place the present year in deference to the advice of the State Association at its last meeting. The two southeastern conferences (Owatonna and Winona), whose records go back nearly fifty years, held a joint meeting this year with the prosperous Rochester church, and after dismissing some of their strongest churches to the new St. Paul Conference, re-formed their decimated ranks into the new Southeastern Conference. The new St. Paul Conference, proposed a dozen years ago, was born in Plymouth Church, St. Paul, and consists of the churches forty miles or more to the south and east and the twelve churches of the city of St. Paul, which formerly belonged to Anoka Conference. This makes our second body in strength. Anoka Conference, giving up some fourteen churches, is still the strongest body in the state, and met this year with Fremont Avenue Church, Minneapolis, where Rev. C. A. Hilton is making a notable record in his pastorate. Other changes in conference boundaries will take place next year, but none so important as those mentioned.

The conference meetings themselves were of varied excellence. The year has been an arduous one for the ordinary minister, owing to general revival conditions, and in some of the meetings was a note of fag. Special addresses by speakers from abroad are coming into vogue in these meetings.

Perhaps the most notable feature in the conferences this year was a note of what Dr. Steiner calls "perpendicular religion"—a call to personal acquaintance with and obedience to God through Christ. And yet this earnest seeking was almost wholly in view of the need for "horizontal religion"—the rescue of those about us, both from evil and evil condition. Only when one has talked thus face to face with God can he come down from the mountain to give commandments to men.

VISITATION

At last year's association meeting a committee, consisting of President Sallmon, Dr. S. G. Smith and Rev. F. A. Sumner, was appointed to arrange for a fellowship visitation of the more remote home mission fields. Besides the visits of members of the committee, other ministers have been drafted into service, and most of these distant parishes have heard a new voice, both actual and metaphorical. In at least one instance a helpful revival was inaugurated. When these "seventy" return to our State Association, we ought to hear some messages.

NORMAL EDUCATION

Among forces building the future of this commonwealth, the normal school has an important place, whether judged educationally or morally. Besides the pedagogical department of the State University there are large normal schools, under a State Board, at Duluth, Moorhead, St. Cloud, Mankato, Winona. In each, either through the president or by representation on the faculty, Congregationalism with its love for learning has an honorable part. The Mankato School has an attendance of about five hundred, and the other institutions approach this figure. From these schools go the teachers of the state to reflect their morals as well as their knowledge in the tone of the risiag generation. We rejoice, therefore, that men and women of positive religious character are found so generally teaching these teachers. May the time come when the blatant agnostic shall be shut out from what I had almost called the sacred profession. R. P. H.

LINDEN HILLS INSTALLS A PASTOR

The installation of Rev. P. A. Cool, D. D., at Linden Hills, Minneapolis, is an event of special significance. This young church of more than 250 members, with a Sunday school of 300, ministers to 400 families of many denominations in a part of the city that is growing rapidly. Under the new pastor, in six months, attendance has increased and a larger edifice is needed.

Dr. Cool comes after thirty years of efficient service in the Methodist denomination. Under the searching, sometimes humorous questions of the moderator, Pres. Cyrus Northrop, the candidate showed himself a man of thought and research, who had not come to our fold because of too liberal views for his own. At the opening of the evening service, the moderator, after announcing the result of the council, characteristically said: "Now, Dr. Cool, you are one of us—just a plain Congregational minister. There is no longer anything peculiar about you. We give you a most cordial welcome." And so say we all, and hope that soon we shall again be invited to dedicate a larger house of worship. S. J. E.

"THE VACATION HABIT"

Makes Physical Wrecks of Many Foolish Persons. Should Be a Time for Simple Diet and Enjoyment of Outdoor Life.

"The Vacation Habit" is a good one to get if you get it right. We need rest and relaxation at certain times of the year. Rational rest means a change of employment, not mere loafing. There is need of some wise man who does not write guide-books for steamships and railways to tell people how to spend a "vacation." Many people plunge headlong and with furious haste into the vacation period and come back to the store, the office, the home, injured in mind and body. It takes them from two to four weeks to recover. They have taken little rational exercise and have tried to eat up everything on the menu of a "summer resort hotel." Quite often the hotel physician has to be called. He is generally a callow looking youngster with incipient chin whiskers, just graduated from a medical college, and has a "pull" with the hotel keeper. His usual charge is $5 per visit

The rational vacation that is to bring health, strength and new life means a return to nature, not only in outdoor pastimes, but in diet. Change of food and water plays havoc with many a stomach. To insure a healthy condition of the body and to gain health and strength from the vacation period, no food can compare in cleanliness, digestibility and nutritive value with Shredded Whole Wheat. Heated in the oven to restore crispness and served with hot or cold milk or cream, the Biscuit is a never-failing safeguard against those stomach and bowel disorders that make a vacation in July or August one of memory's nightmares. It keeps the stomach sweet and clean and the bowels healthy and active. It is equally strengthening and palatable for any meal of the day, and is delicious in combination with fruits or creamed vegetables. Triscuit is the Shredded Whole Wheat wafer, an ideal food for light housekeeping, for campers, picnics, for excursions on land or on sea.

We do not advertise Shredded Wheat as a "health food"; that it is the food of health, however, is affirmed by letters from hundreds of doctors, nurses, heads of hospitals and sanitariums which are on file in the office of this company. Our new booklet, "The Vital Question," is sent free for the asking. The Natural Food Company, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

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THE latest New York ideas of style and fabrics are expressed in our Midsummer offering of ready-to-wear Shirt-Waists. We have chosen our designs from the prettiest we could find. The fabrics include Batistes, Lawns and Nets, handsomely embroidered and trimmed.

Shirt-Waist $1

No. 175-NN.

This waist of white lawn responds to many serviceable needs. The entire front is tucked in graduated yoke depth, and full length tucks vary the severity of the back, which exhibits a regularly made closing concealed under a box-plait. The shoulder seams and cuffs are in hemstitch finish. Tucks are a feature of the collar and cuffs, both of which are edged with lace. Regular value $1.35.

Special price

$1.00

Postage 15 cts. Sizes 32 to 44, bust measure. *Orders for Waists filled same day as received.*

If you are not satisfied you may return the Waist and we will refund your money.

We have other styles ranging in price from $1.00 to $5.00, illustrated in our new **Summer Shirt-Waist Supplement**—sent **free** on request.

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VERY LOW RATES TO MINNEAPOLIS AND RETURN VIA NICKEL PLATE ROAD.—Aug 10, 11 and 12, account G. A. R. National Encampment. Choice of routes beyond Chicago. Liberal return limits. For rates from New England points and full particulars write L. P. Burgess, N. E. P. A., 206 Old South Building, Boston, Mass.

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Chinese Students in America

A PEN PICTURE OF THE DELEGATION JUST ARRIVED AT HARVARD

BY REV. OLIVER P. EMERSON

Last week Wednesday the members of the Harvard Summer School, taking luncheon in Memorial Hall, were eyewitnesses to a significant occurrence. Thirty-eight young Orientals entered and were given seats at two of the long tables, where they talked and ate as if fully at home in the celebrated hall. Being without queues, they were mistaken by some for Japanese, but to one acquainted with Oriental races their features were unmistakable. As a rule the Chinese are taller and less stocky than the Japanese; their foreheads are higher and their expression less confident and pugnacious than that of their broad-eyed, round-headed neighbors.

This is the vanguard of a series of consignments of students which we may yearly expect from China for some time to come. Yuan Shih Kai, the great northern viceroy at the head of the educational movement in China, wishes to send an annual delegation, to be divided between the United States and Great Britain. His example has influenced the viceroy of Nankin to promise to send on a party next year from the Middle Kingdom, and it is quite likely that other governors and viceroys will follow this lead.

These young Chinamen, averaging from eighteen to twenty-four years of age, are with Charles D. Tenney, LL D., originally of Boston, founder of the Pei Yang Government University of Tientsin, and its president until asked by Yuan Shih Kai to devote three or four years to initiating this movement for educating Chinese youth abroad. They are from the advanced classes of this institution, and will begin their studies in this country at the Harvard Summer School and under tutors before facing examinations for different American colleges. By placing them in small groups, Dr. Tenney thinks they will come into closer touch with their American fellow-students. Most of them will probably enter as Sophomores. All can speak English more or less fluently, and most of them either French or German. Thirty come at the expense of the Chinese Government, the others bear their own expenses; all are subject to the same regulations.

As far back as 1872 a number of boys were sent to this country by the Chinese Government to be educated; but they were young, averaging only twelve years of age, and were without the supervision Dr. Tenney hopes to give to these. In 1881 they were recalled, the charge being made that they were becoming "denationalized and losing their sense of propriety."

The present delegation is from five or six provinces. Physically the young men present a great variety of types. They all had their queues cut off and exchanged their Chinese gowns for American suits just before setting forth on their travels. Dr. Tenney testifies that they are healthy and have latent in them the stuff for making good athletes. But they have thus far given their nerve to their studies.

They were selected according to their scholarly standing, and though most of them are sons of government officials and merchants, they represent no particular social class. China is very democratic in the treatment of her students; scholarship and ability are the conditions of promotion. No religious test is applied, neither is religion taught in the public schools. Many of these young men are Confucians, some are Christians and one is a Mohammedan. Mr. Raymond P. Tenney, for a time their fellow-student at Pei Yang University, told me that they were quite as good scholars as their English companions and accustomed to more hours of work a day.

When Dr. Tenney began his work as an educator and inspector of schools in the Northern Province, Chinese New Year was the only school holiday authorized by the government; but through his influence Sundays and other holidays have been added. Some of these young men are to take engineering and other advanced work in the applied sciences, while others, who have already had two years' study in Western international law, will give their time to law and the science of government.

Is it not possible that these young Chinamen may win from American universities some of the laurels now taken by our boys? What they receive in thought, skill and moral impulse will be given to that great empire which faces us on the other side of the wide Pacific and is one of the mighty factors with which the Western world must deal wisely.

Cambridge, July 23.

BACK TO PULPIT

What Food Did for a Clergyman.

A minister of Elizabethtown tells how Grape-Nuts food brought him back to his pulpit: "Some 5 years ago I had an attack of what seemed to be La Grippe which left me in a complete state of collapse and I suffered for some time with nervous prostration. My appetite failed, I lost flesh till I was a mere skeleton, life was a burden to me, I lost interest in everything and almost in everybody save my precious wife.

"Then on the recommendation of some friends I began to use Grape-Nuts food. At that time I was a miserable skeleton, without appetite and hardly able to walk across the room; had ugly dreams at night, no disposition to entertain or be entertained and began to shun society.

"I finally gave up the regular ministry, indeed I could not collect my thoughts on any subject, and became almost a hermit. After I had been using the Grape-Nuts food for a short time I discovered that I was taking on new life and my appetite began to improve; I began to sleep better and my weight increased steadily; I had lost some 50 pounds but under the new food *régime* I have regained almost my former weight and have greatly improved in every way.

"I feel that I owe much to Grape-Nuts and can truly recommend the food to all who require a powerful rebuilding agent delicious to taste and always welcome." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. A true natural road to regain health, or hold it, is by use of a dish of Grape-Nuts and cream morning and night. Or have the food made into some of the many delicious dishes given in the little recipe book found in packages.

Ten days' trial of Grape-Nuts helps many. "There's a reason."

Look in packages for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Two Hundred Yale Students Confer on Christian Work

Owing to a change in the date of the Northfield Student Conference this year Yale was obliged to hold a conference of her own at the Hotchkiss School in Lakeville, Ct., June 30—July 9. Two hundred and fourteen men registered, half of whom were graduates and sub Freshmen. Dr. Henry B. Wright, 1898, presided. Among the alumni present were Dean Wright, Joseph H. Twichell, Harlan P. Beach, Richard C. Morse, William D. Murray, Headmaster Buehler, Hamilton Holt, Henry S. Coffin, D. Brewer Eddy, and Messrs. Kellar, Luce, Lobenstine and Gage of China. Other speakers were, S. D. Gordon, author of Quiet Talks on Power (a book that has had a great influence on Yale), Drs. William R. Richards, A. J. Haynes, Mrs. J. Lawrence Thurston of China, Dr. Arthur J. Brown, Jerome K. Jerome, Herbert Parsons and Robert E. Speer. The conference program was like that of Northfield, though with some modifications for meeting Yale's peculiar needs. One notable feature of the "Round-Top" meeting (held on the hillside overlooking the lake) was having prominent doctors, lawyers, journalists, civic reformers and business men, as well as ministers, missionaries and Y. M. C. A. workers, present their "call" to Christian service. The conference throughout was sound, sane and spiritually stimulating.

There were more Yale men present than usually go to Northfield; the spirit of fellowship was even more pronounced, and the opportunities for handling Yale problems naturally larger than could be the case at Northfield. Also the conditions and facilities at Hotchkiss are perhaps even better adapted to Yale's needs. Yet, in spite of all this, Yale feels the need of the fellowship with the other colleges, and the wish was strongly expressed that next year she might be able to meet with them as usual.

E. F. B.

The New York State Conference of Religion

Especially strong local conferences have been held at Park Congregational Church in Brooklyn, the Church of the Divine Paternity (Universalist) and the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York. Dr. Whiton in Are You a Moral Man? and Progressive Morality; Rabbis Lyons and Harris on Brotherliness, and Religious Education; and Professor Fagnani on Brothers First, Then Brethren, proved fit interpreters of what "the other half" thinks about how all of us should live. The November meeting of the conference has an exceptionally strong list of subjects: Religious Unity in Practice; What Different Religions Owe to One Another; Public Service as a Moral Vocation; Religion and Wealth; The Ethical Conception of Money; The Revival of Conscience; Religion and Social Progress; The University and Religion. The speakers are to be announced soon and the conference will meet under the auspices of Union University in Schenectady.

W. B. A.

Wants

Notices under this heading, not exceeding five lines (eight words to the line), cost subscribers fifty cents each insertion. Additional lines ten cents each per insertion.

Winthrop Beach. Two or three desirable rooms to rent with board. Quiet family, house near water. Address "The Hawthorne," M. Barnard, Prop.

Housework. Wanted, by a capable American woman, a place to do general housework or working housekeeper. References given. Box 93, Springfield, Vt.

Church Visitor. A young lady with three years' experience as church visitor wishes a position. Good references will be given. Address Box 135, Acushnet, Mass.

Window Dresser who can write show cards, do general decorating and act as Salesman in rush hours; state experience in full. Hapgoods, 305 Broadway, New York.

Summer Boarders. Pleasant View House, among the Berkshire Hills. Broad verandas; shade trees; excellent table. Address Kilbourne & Mansfield, Great Barrington, Mass. R. F. D. No. 1.

Young Woman wishes employment after the first of August, nurse, attendant, companion, experienced in nervous cases. References. Address Attendant, 29, care *The Congregationalist*, Boston, Mass.

Making a Business of securing high-grade business positions, we learn of openings which the individual does not hear about himself. Write for plan. Business Opportunity Co., 1 Union Square, New York.

Entertainment at Pigeon Cove, Mass., during July and August. Quiet, close to ocean, view of three lighthouses. Church and trolley near. Terms reasonable. Apply to Mrs. C. T. Hale, Pigeon Cove, Mass.

Quincy Point, cottage home, 7 rooms and bath, furnished, all improvements. Three minutes from trolley, 100 yards from salt water; row boat. $25 a month. Rev. A. R. Atwood, 10 Charles Street, Quincy, Mass.

Congregational Woman, experienced as pastor's assistant and as teacher in private schools, desires position. East or Middle West preferred. References. Address C. W. E., 30, care *The Congregationalist*, Boston.

Wanted, superintendent of buildings and grounds in Southern colored college. Agricultural graduate preferred. State age, education, experience, church connection, and give references. Box 4, Marblehead Neck, Mass.

Highland Hall. A homelike sanatorium for a limited number of patients, located in a healthful and attractive suburb of Boston. Experienced nurses and resident physician in charge. Excellent cuisine. House situated on high ground, with southwestern exposure. Address S. L. Eaton, M. D., Newton Highlands, Mass.

"A Quiet Talk about Higher Criticism and the Bible," by Rev. E. H. Byington. A Pennsylvania S. S. editor writes: "Goes far beyond, in its truth revealing discernment, its sympathy, its sentiment, and its tact anything I have ever read on the subject." Order, 10 cents a copy, of Enterprise Publishing Company, 100 Cabot Street, Beverly, Mass.

In and Around Chicago

(The Congregationalist may be found in Chicago at the Congregational bookstore, 175 Wabash Avenue.)

Equality in Marriage

The press is making a good deal out of what prove to be false reports of Professor Zueblin's lectures at the University of Chicago. In one of them he spoke of marriage and the relation of the sexes. Deprecating, in common with many others, the frequency of divorce and the existence of many unhappy homes, he suggested as one remedy for hasty marriages an engagement of from six months to a year, to be publicly announced. This suggestion was made to appear in some of the papers as an "experimental marriage," and as such has been reported over the country. On the contrary, Professor Zueblin's views are quite in accordance with those of most thoughtful people. He believes that much unhappiness would be avoided were the wife permitted to control a part, he would say half the family income. At present he looks upon her position as one of dependence, in which she has to resort to cajolery and various blandishments to obtain what she desires. Were husband and wife to place themselves on a platform of economic equality, he believes conditions would be greatly improved.

The New School Board

It cannot be denied that as now constituted the new board is both radical and political. Mayor Dunne's appointments here, as in other cases, seem to have been made with the interests of his party in view and not altogether with an eye to the welfare of the schools. Still the appointees are persons of ability. Louis Post, a single tax man, is editor of *Public*, and Raymond Robbins is a settlement worker. He has, however, only been a short time in the city. But a board which contains such persons, and in addition Mrs. Emmons Blaine and Miss Addams, who may always be trusted to be on the right side of any question which comes up for discussion, as well as a few conservative and level-headed men, will be sure, with the radical element which seems to be in control, to make things lively.

At present the question relates to school books. Shall those now in use be given up? Though published by a Chicago firm, Rand, McNally & Co., there is general dissatisfaction. Before the new members had been sworn in it was supposed that a series of readers published by Macmillan Co. would be used. This was the wish of the committee, who had investigated the matter carefully, and of Superintendent Cooley. Probably to oppose the superintendent, who is unpopular with the radical element, a resolution of inquiry as to text-books was introduced immediately after the new board was organized, and no decision has yet been reached. Another resolution has also been adopted against the wishes of the conservative minority demanding an investigation into the methods by which teachers are promoted for efficiency. Superintendent Cooley has followed a system of secret marking which has excited the wrath of the radical element and of the teachers who believe in unions and in affiliation with labor unions and are charging that the poorest teachers are promoted and the most efficient overlooked.

If conducted fairly, the investigation can do no harm. It may show that the chief objection to the present system and to the present superintendent is that a so-called "pull" is of little value, while it is conceivable that a different system would restore its value and open a way to promotion for a good many who as things now are cannot hope for it. The whole country may well be interested in the work of one of the most radical school boards any large city has ever had. It is not saying too much to say that many conservatives feel that the interests of the public schools are really imperiled by the make-up of the present Board of Education.

The Education Society

The western branch of this society, Dr. Theodore Clifton, secretary, has had an exceptionally prosperous year. A campaign in July on behalf of Weiser Academy settled its debts, secured over $2,000 in money for it and thus put it upon its feet. Early in September similar work was undertaken for the Puget Sound Academy and resulted in the addition of over $9,000 towards its endowment. This makes more than $22,000 secured toward an endowment of $50,000 which it is expected soon to obtain. Windom Institute, Minnesota, the Schauffler Missionary Training School at Cleveland, O., and the foreign departments of the seminary have also been aided. The total income for the year is $31,236, to which should be added pledges in endowment notes amounting to nearly $12,000. This is an excellent showing, and yet is far from what it should be. Congregationalists are not keeping up to their former record in the support they give to the educational interests of their churches.

Chicago, July 21. FRANKLIN.

DIDN'T BELIEVE

That Coffee Was the Real Trouble.

Some people flounder around and take everything that's recommended but finally find that coffee is the real cause of their troubles. An Oregon man says:

"For 25 years I was troubled with my stomach. I was a steady coffee drinker, but didn't suspect that as the cause. I took almost anything which some one else had been cured with but to no good. I was very bad last summer and could not work at times.

"On Dec. 2, 1902, I was taken so bad the doctor said I could not live over 24 hours at the most and I made all preparations to die. I could hardly eat any thing, everything distressed me and I was weak and sick all over. When in that condition coffee was abandoned and I was put on Postum, the change in my feelings came quickly after the drink that was poisoning me was removed.

"The pain and sickness fell away from me and I began to get well day by day so I stuck to it until now I am well and strong again, can eat heartily, with no headache, heart trouble or the awful sickness of the old coffee days. I drink all I wish of Postum without any harm and enjoy it immensely.

"This seems like a strong story but I would refer you to the First National Bank, the Trust Banking Company, or any merchant of Grant's Pass, Ore., in regard to my standing, and I will send a sworn statement of this if you wish. You can also use my name." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Still there are many who persistently fool themselves by saying, "Coffee don't hurt me." A ten days' trial of Postum in its place will tell the truth and many times save life. "There's a reason."

Look for the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

Biographical

REV. GEORGE W. LAWRENCE

After a brave fight of two years with tuberculosis Rev. George W. Lawrence passed away June 17 in Newfane, Vt., aged forty-nine. For twenty years he has preached in Congregational churches in New Hampshire and Connecticut, in Haverhill and Ashland, Mass., and Willsboro, N. Y. At the latter place he did a strong work for the town and was the means of instituting a revival of temperance principles and establishing no license where there has not been such a vote for twenty years. After preaching a year in South Royalston, Mass., failing health demanded his retirement. Mr. Lawrence was a Mason, and his funeral was in charge of that body.

The twentieth century is to be a century of reconciliation of Christendom.—*Canon Hensley Henson.*

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One Hundred-and-Fifth Semi-Annual Statement, January, 1906

SUMMARY OF ASSETS.

Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	$1,180,287.05
Real Estate	1,543,892.06
United States Bonds	1,960,000.00
State and City Bonds	3,427,550.00
Railroad Bonds	2,773,180.00
Miscellaneous Bonds	394,500.00
Railroad Stocks	7,953,725.00
Miscellaneous Stocks	511,000.00
Bank and Trust Co. Stocks	391,750.00
Bonds and Mortgages, being 1st lien on Real Estate	109,500.00
Premiums uncollected and in hands of Agents	993,668.77
	$21,239,052.88

LIABILITIES.

Cash Capital	$3,000,000.00
Reserve Premium Fund	7,598,001.00
Reserve for Losses	783,047.08
Reserve for Re-Insurance, and other claims	837,503.46
Reserve for Taxes and other contingencies	300,000.00
Surplus over contingencies and all liabilities including capital	8,720,501.34
	$21,239,052.88
Surplus as regards Policy-holders,	$11,720,501.34

ELBRIDGE G. SNOW, *President.*
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Consecutive Quarterly Preferred Dividend No. 45.
The regular Quarterly Dividend (No. 45) of ONE AND THREE-QUARTERS PER CENT. on the preferred capital stock of the American Graphophone Company will be paid August 15, 1906, to stockholders of record August 1.
By order of the Directors.
EDWARD D. EASTON, President.

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Steel Alloy Church and School Bells. Send for Catalogue. The C. S. BELL CO., Hillsboro, O.

The Forward Movement in Maine

From its beginning, five years ago, the movement has received the support of the Maine churches. The first year 60 clergymen left their own charges to assist brother ministers, in every case greatly to their own benefit and to the spiritual quickening of the members, and in some places with a good number of conversions. Since the first year not so many pastors have been called upon, for the reason that the ministers the state over are conducting such services themselves. Inspired by discussions at the state conferences and the rousements of the Forward Movement Committee, they are making far more use of Decision Day in the Sunday school, each year are gathering the young people about them in catechetical classes for special religious instruction, and are becoming more courageous and efficient in presenting the claims of Christ to the unconverted.

During the church work year now closing the Forward Movement Committee have accomplished much in a quiet way. From 100 reports in their hands they learn that 41 churches have held special evangelistic services, 28 with the help of a fellow-pastor and 13 with the help of a professional evangelist. Twenty of such series of services were in union with several other churches in a community. As one result from these special efforts, 173 converts are reported, 90 of whom have united with the church.

It is evident that in the preaching of our Congregational ministers the evangelistic note is more pronounced and compelling, and that our ministers have grown in their faith in and ability to conduct what may be called technically evangelistic meetings. It is certain, too, that the members have a far warmer and more earnest interest in the Christian life, and that this interest is especially promising among young people. In our spring conferences a large increase in church membership was reported. The committee believe that the effects of the movement are of such assured permanency that a year of unusual promise and results will begin in the fall. E. L. MARSH, *Chairman.*

We hope the day is fast approaching when the merchant will not only consecrate the gains of his merchandise to the promotion of missions, but when he shall also add the facilities which commercial intercourse affords to further the great design; when the man of science shall make his discoveries subserve this godlike work; and when not only the poor, but the rich and noble will feel honored in identifying themselves with missionary operations, and in consecrating their influence, their wealth, and even their sons and their daughters to this work.—John Williams of Erromanga, writing near the close of his life.

Meetings and Events to Come

THE NORTHFIELD CONFERENCES AND SCHOOLS: Sunday School Workers, July 21-29; Christian Workers, Aug. 3-19; Post Conference Addresses, Aug. 20—Oct. 1.

NATIONAL CONVENTION OF CONGREGATIONAL WORKERS AMONG THE COLORED PEOPLE, second biennial session, Memphis, Tenn., Sept 20-24.

UNSWEETENED CONDENSED MILK

Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream is ideal milk, collected under perfect sanitary conditions, condensed in vacuo to the consistency of cream, preserved by sterilization only. Suitable for any modification and adapted to all purposes where milk or cream is required.

Marriages

The charge for marriage notices is twenty-five cents.

EKINS—CHAMPION—At Old Lyme, Ct., July 11, Rev. Grove F. Ekins, pastor of Second Church, Millbury, Mass., and Gertrude L. Champion, a teacher at Wheaton Seminary.

LOUD—SCHULE—In Lawton, Comanche County, Okl., July 5—a Congregational home missionary wedding in the First Congregational Church—by Rev. R. S. Satterfield of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, assisted by Rev. J. T. Stephens of the Baptist church, Rev. Oliver B. Loud of Lawton and Miss Julia Sophie, daughter of Dr. F. W. Schule of Chicago.

Deaths

The charge for notices of deaths is twenty-five cents. Each additional line ten cents, counting eight words to a line. The money should be sent with the notice.

BOWMAN—In Waltham, Mass., July 17, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. W. D. Parkinson, Rev. George A. Bowman, aged 85 yrs. A graduate of Bowdoin College and Bangor Seminary, he held pastorates at Kennebunkport, Me., and South Windsor, Ct., was a member of the Connecticut legislature and a teacher at East Hartford.

LINCOLN—In Brockton, Mass., June 25, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Nathan H. Washburn, Mrs. Cornelia A. Lincoln, aged 78 yrs., widow of Rev. Nehemiah Lincoln, pastor at North Bridgton, Me., sixteen years and at North Carver, Mass.

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One is as safe as the other. We need more Capital. Our Syndicate pays you a large Dividend while your investment increases rapidly in value. We Guarantee to satisfy you or return money. May we send books, maps and our Co-operative Plan? Merrill's Finance Co., Vancouver, B.C

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Risibles

THE LIMIT OF EXCLUSIVENESS

At a recent dinner, attended by a number of clergymen, President Buckham of the University of Vermont told this story of Bishop Hall of the Episcopal diocese of Vermont, in response to good-natured chaff about the liberal views of the Congregational Church, and the ease with which almost anybody could join it.

A Negro had many times applied for membership in St. Paul's Church, Burlington, but had been unable to satisfy the Bishop that his state of mind entitled him to admission. He had been advised to pray that his spiritual condition might improve.

At his next application the Bishop said:

"Well, Erastus, have you prayed as I told you to?"

"Yas, indeedy, suh; I done prayed an' I done tole de Lawd I want's to jine St. Paul's Church, an' de Lawd he say to me: 'Good luck, 'Rastus; I been tryin' to jine dat chu'ch fo' twenty years mahse'f.'"—*Pittsburg Post.*

WHEN IGNORANCE WOULD HAVE BEEN BLISS

The late Paul Laurence Dunbar liked to joke about the higher education of women.

In a June lecture he once said:

"A lady on a sultry summer afternoon called on some friends. The talk buzzed along briskly, fans waved and the daughter of the house kept twitching uncomfortably, frowning and making little smothered exclamations of annoyance. Finally, with an impatient sigh, she rose and left the room.

"'Your daughter,' said the visitor, 'seems to be suffering from the heat.'

"'No,' said the hostess, 'She is just home from college, and she is suffering from the family grammar.'"—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

ADAM BARRED OUT

A school teacher asked recently, "Who was the first man?" Prompt came the answer of a lad, "George Washington." "No," said she, "Adam was the first man." "O! well," was the reply, "I didn't think you would want to count foreigners."—*Selected.*

A SCRIPTURAL WEAPON

A Stepney teacher took for the Bible lesson the story of Samson. At the end of the lesson test questions were put to the scholars. "With what weapon did Samson slay a thousand Philistines?" was the question. For a space there was silence. Then a little girl said, "With the ax of the apostles."—*London Chronicle.*

HAS TO FOREGO POLITENESS

In a certain club in Washington to which Professor Moore, Chief of the Weather Bureau, belongs, there is a rule, it is said, which requires that any member of the club who is overheard "talking shop" shall be fined. One night it looked as though the treasury would not be enriched from this source, but Professor Moore, Chief of the Weather Bureau, came to the rescue. Just as he was leaving the club he turned to a group of friends and courteously bade them "Good evening." He was recalled and fined.—*Harper's Weekly.*

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